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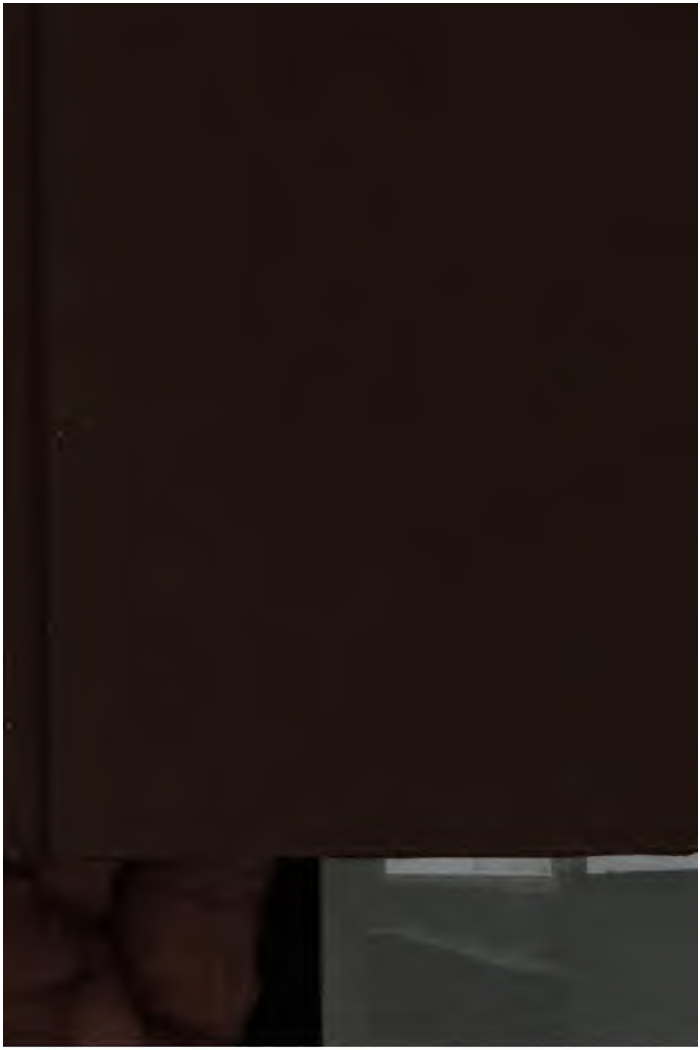

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TOLLNSON

[v.66]

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, TO THE WORKS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS:

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, J. NICHOLS, E. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

MDCCLXXXI.

MML

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M DCC LXXXI.

MMC

W I F T.

N Account of Dr. Swift has been already collected, with great dili- and acuteneſs, by Dr. Hawkeſ-, according to a ſcheme which I efore him in the intimacy of our hip. I cannot therefore be ex- to ſay much of a life, concerning I had long ſince communicated oughts to a man capable of dig- his narration with ſo much ele- of language and force of ſenti-

A JO-

by himſelf, the ..
attorney, and was born at
Andrew's day, 1667: accord
report, as delivered by Po
he was born at Leiceſter,
clergyman, who was miniſ
in Herefordſhire *. Dur
place of his birth was
He was contented to be
man by the Iriſh; but w
ly call himſelf an En
.. without

Whatever was his birth, his educa-
ion was Iriſh. He was ſent at the age
f ſix to the ſchool at Kilkenny, and in
is fifteenth year (1682) was admitted
nto the Univerſity of Dublin.

In his academical ſtudies he was
ither not diligent or not happy. It
nuſt diſappoint every reader's expecta-
ion, that, when at the uſual time he
laimed the Bachelorſhip of Arts, he
was found by the examiners too conſpi-
cuouſly deficient for regular admiſſion,
and obtained his degree at laſt by *ſpecial favour*; a term uſed in that Univerſity to denote want of merit.

Of this diſgrace it may be eaſily ſup-
poſed that he was much aſhamed, and
ſhame had its proper effect in producing

reformation. He reſolved from that time to ſtudy eight hours a-day, and continued his induſtry for ſeven years, with what improvement is ſufficiently known. This part of his ſtory well deſerves to be remembered; it may afford uſeful admonition and powerful encouragement to many men, whoſe abilities have been made for a time uſeleſs by their paſſions or pleaſures, and who, having loſt one part of life in idleneſs, are tempted to throw away the remainder in deſpair.

In this courſe of daily application he continued three years longer at Dublin; and in this time, if the obſervation and memory of an old companion may be truſted,

truſted, he drew the firſt ſketch of his *Tale of a Tub.*

When he was about one and twenty (1688), being by the death of Godwin Swift his uncle, who had ſupported him, left without ſubſiſtence, he went to conſult his mother, who then lived at Leiceſter, about the future courſe of his life, and by her direction ſolicited the advice and patronage of Sir William Temple, who had married one of Mrs. Swift's relations, and whoſe father Sir John Temple, Maſter of the Rolls in Ireland, had lived in great familiarity of friendſhip with Godwin Swift, by whom Jonathan had been to that time maintained.

Temple received with ſufficient kindneſs the nephew of his father's friend, with whom he was, when they converſed together, ſo much pleaſed, that he detained him two years in his houſe. Here he became known to King William, who ſometimes viſited Temple when he was diſabled by the gout, and, being attended by Swift in the garden, ſhewed him how to cut aſparagus in the Dutch way.

King William's notions were all military; and he expreſſed his kindneſs to Swift by offering to make him a captain of horſe.

When Temple removed to Moor-park, he took Swift with him; and when he was conſulted by the Earl of Portland

about

about the expedience of complying with a bill then depending for making Parliaments triennial, againſt which King William was ſtrongly prejudiced, after having in vain tried to ſhew the Earl that the propoſal involved nothing dangerous to royal power, he ſent Swift for the ſame purpoſe to the King. Swift, who probably was proud of his employment, and went with all the confidence of a young man, found his arguments, and his art of diſplaying them, made totally ineffectual by the predetermination of the King; and uſed to mention this diſappointment as his firſt antidote againſt vanity.

Before he left Ireland he contracted a diſorder, as he thought, by eating too

much fruit. The original of diſeaſes is commonly obſcure. Almoſt every boy eats as much fruit as he can get, without any great inconvenience. The diſeaſe of Swift was giddineſs with deafneſs, which attacked him from time to time, began very early, purſued him through life, and at laſt ſent him to the grave deprived of reaſon.

Being much oppreſſed at Moor-park by this grievous malady, he was adviſed to try his native air, and went to Ireland; but, finding no benefit, returned to Sir William, at whoſe houſe he continued his ſtudies, and is known to have read, among other books, *Cyprian* and

us. He thought exerciſe of grea

ſity, and uſed to run half a

mile up and down a hill every two hours.

It is eaſy to imagine that the mode in which his firſt degree was conferred left him no great fondneſs for the Univerſity of Dublin, and therefore he reſolved to become a Maſter of Arts at Oxford. In the teſtimonial which he produced, the words of diſgrace were omitted, and he took his Maſter's degree (July 5, 1692) with ſuch reception and regard as fully contented him.

While he lived with Temple, he uſed to pay his mother at Leiceſter an yearly viſit. He travelled on foot, unleſs ſome violence of weather drove him into a waggon, and at night he would go to a penny lodging, where he purchaſed clean

clean ſheets for ſix-pence. This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of groſſneſs and vulgarity: ſome may aſcribe it to his deſire of ſurveying human life through all its varieties; and others, perhaps with equal probability, to a paſſion which ſeems to have been deep fixed in his heart, the love of a ſhilling.

In time he began to think that his attendance at Moor-park deſerved ſome other recompenſe than the pleaſure, however mingled with improvement, of Temple's converſation; and grew ſo impatient, that (1694) he went away in diſcontent.

Temple, conſcious of having given reaſon for complaint, is ſaid to have made him Deputy Maſter of the Rolls in Ireland;

land; which, according to his kinſman's account, was an office which he knew him not able to diſcharge. Swift therefore reſolved to enter into the Church, in which he had at firſt no higher hopes than of the chaplainſhip to the Factory at Liſbon; but being recommended to Lord Capel, he obtained the prebend of *Kilroot* in *Connor*, of about a hundred pounds a year.

But the infirmities of Temple made a companion like Swift ſo neceſſary, that he invited him back, with a promiſe to procure him Engliſh preferment, in exchange for the prebend which he deſired him to reſign. With this requeſt Swift quickly complied, having perhaps equally repented their ſeparation, and they lived

lived on together with mutual satis
tion; and, in the four years that pa
between his return and Temple's de
it is probable that he wrote the *Tal*
a Tub and the *Battle of the Books.*

Swift began early to think, or to ho
that he was a poet, and wrote Pindar
Odes to Temple, to the King, and to
Athenian Society, a knot of obscure m
who published a periodical pamphlet
answers to questions, sent, or supposed
be sent, by Letters. I have been t
that Dryden, having perused th
verses, said, "Cousin Swift, you w
"never be a poet;" and that this
nunciation was the motive of Swift's p
petual malevolence to Dryden.

In 1699 Temple died, and left a legacy with his manuſcripts to Swift, for whom he had obtained, from King William, a promiſe of the firſt prebend that ſhould be vacant at Weſtminſter or Canterbury.

That this promiſe might not be forgotten, Swift dedicated to the King the poſthumous works with which he was intruſted; but neither the dedication, nor tenderneſs for the man whom he once had treated with confidence and fondneſs, revived in King William the remembrance of his promiſe. Swift awhile attended the Court; but ſoon found his ſolicitations hopeleſs.

He was then invited by the Earl of Berkley to accompany him into Ireland,

as

as his private ſecretary; but after havi
done the buſineſs till their arrival
Dublin, he then found that one *B*
had perſuaded the Earl that a cler
man was not a proper ſecretary, a
had obtained the office for himſelf.
a man like Swift ſuch circumventi
and inconſtancy muſt have excited v
lent indignation.

But he had yet more to ſuffer. L
Berkley had the diſpoſal of the dean
of Derry, and Swift expected to obt
it; but by the ſecretary's influence, ſ
poſed to have been ſecured by a bril
it was beſtowed on ſomebody elſe; a
Swift was diſmiſſed with the livings
Laracor and *Rathbeggin* in the dioceſe

Meat

Meath, which together did not equal half the value of the deanery.

At Laracor he increaſed the parochial duty by reading prayers on Wedneſdays and Fridays, and performed all the offices of his profeſſion with great decency and exactneſs.

Soon after his ſettlement at Laracor, he invited to Ireland the unfortunate Stella, a young woman whoſe name was Johnſon, the daughter of the ſteward of Sir William Temple, who, in conſideration of her father's virtues, left her a thouſand pounds. With her came Mrs. Dingley, whoſe whole fortune was twenty-ſeven pounds a year for her life. With theſe Ladies he paſſed his hours of relaxation, and to them he opened

his boſom; but they never reſided in t
ſame houſe, nor did he ſee either witho
a witneſs. They lived at the Parſonag
when Swift was away; and when he r
turned, removed to a lodging, or to t
houſe of a neighbouring clergyman.

Swift was not one of thoſe min
which amaze the world with early pre
nancy: his firſt work, except his fe
poetical Eſſays, was the *Diſſentions*
Athens and Rome, publiſhed (1701) i
his thirty-fourth year. After its a
pearance, paying a viſit to ſome biſho
he heard mention made of the new pam
phlet that Burnet had written, reple
with political knowledge. When h
ſeemed to doubt Burnet's right to th
work, he was told by the Biſhop, tha

h

ne was *a young man*; and, ſtill perſiſting to doubt, that he was *a very poſitive young man.*

Three years afterward (1704) was publiſhed *The Tale of a Tub:* of this book charity may be perſuaded to think that it might be written by a man of a peculiar character, without ill intention, but it is certainly of dangerous example. That Swift was its author, though it be univerſally believed, was never owned by himſelf, nor very well proved by any evidence; but no other claimant can be produced, and he did not deny it when Archbiſhop Sharpe and the Ducheſs of Somerſet, by ſhewing it to the Queen, debarred him from a biſhoprick.

When this wild work firſt raiſ
attention of the publick, Sache
meeting Smalridge, tried to flatte
by ſeeming to think him the autho
Smalridge anſwered with indign
" Not all that you and I have i
" world, nor all that ever we ſhall
" ſhould hire me to write the *T*
" *a Tub.*"

The digreſſions relating to W
and Bentley muſt be confeſſed to
ver want of knowledge, or want
tegrity; he did not underſtand th
controverſies, or he willingly miſr
ſented them. But Wit can ſtan
ground againſt Truth only a little
The honours due to learning
en juſtly diſtributed by the deciſi
terity.

The Battle of the Books is ſo like the *Combat des Livres*, which the ſame queſtion concerning the Ancients and Moderns had produced in France, that the improbability of ſuch a coincidence of thoughts without communication is not, in my opinion, balanced by the anonymous proteſtation prefixed, in which all knowledge of the French book is peremptorily diſowned.

For ſome time after Swift was probably employed in ſolitary ſtudy, gaining the qualifications requiſite for future eminence. How often he viſited England, and with what diligence he attended his pariſhes, I know not. It was not till about four years afterwards

ridicule or Allology; ...
Bickerſtaff; the *Argument ag*
ing Chriſtianity; and the de
Sacramental Teſt.

The Sentiments of a Churc
Man is written with great c
deration, eaſe, and perſpi
Argument againſt aboliſhing
a very happy and judicio
paſſage in it deſerves to b

"If Chriſtianity were
... the free-thin

"ject ſo calculated, in all points, where-
"on to diſplay their abilities? What
"wonderful productions of wit ſhould
"we be deprived of from thoſe, whoſe
"genius, by continual practice, hath
"been wholly turned upon raillery and
"invectives againſt religion, and would
"therefore never be able to ſhine, or
"diſtinguiſh themſelves, upon any other
"ſubject? We are daily complaining
"of the great decline of wit among us,
"and would take away the greateſt,
"perhaps the only, topick we have left.
"Who would ever have ſuſpected Aſgill
"for a wit, or Toland for a philoſo-
"pher, if the inexhauſtible ſtock of
"Chriſtianity had not been at hand to
"provide them with materials? What

"other ſubject, through all art or na-
"ture, could have produced. Tindal for
"a profound author, or furniſhed him
"with readers? It is the wiſe choice
"of the ſubject that alone adorns and
"diſtinguiſhes the writer. For had an
"hundred ſuch pens as theſe been em-
"ployed on the ſide of religion, they
"would have immediately ſunk into
"ſilence and oblivion."

The reaſonableneſs of a *Teſt* is not hard to be proved; but perhaps it muſt be allowed that the proper teſt has not been choſen.

The attention paid to the papers publiſhed under the name of *Bickerſtaff*, induced Steele, when he projected the *Tatler*, to aſſume an appellation which had

had already gained poſſeſſion of the reader's notice.

In the year following he wrote a *Project for the Advancement of Religion*, addreſſed to Lady Berkley; by whoſe kindneſs it is not unlikely that he was advanced to his benefices. To this project, which is formed with great purity of intention, and diſplayed with ſpriteineſs and elegance, it can only be objected, that, like many projects, it is, if not generally impracticable, yet evidently hopeleſs, as it ſuppoſes more zeal, concord, and perſeverance, than a view of mankind gives reaſon for expecting.

He wrote likewiſe this year a *Vindication of Bickerſtaff*; and an explanation of an *Ancient Prophecy*, which, though not

portant part of [illegible]
employed (1710) by the
land to ſolicit the Quee
of the Firſt Fruits and
to the Iriſh Clergy. W
he had recourſe to Mr.
he was mentioned as
and oppreſſed by the
cauſe he had refuſed t
ſome of their ſcheme
refuſed, has never be
[illegible]

whom he repreſents as afterwards *ſuing for pardon.*

Harley's deſigns and ſituation were ſuch as made him glad of an auxiliary ſo well qualified for his ſervice; he therefore ſoon admitted him to familiarity, whether ever to confidence ſome have made a doubt; but it would have been difficult to excite his zeal without perſuading him that he was truſted, and not very eaſy to delude him by falſe perſuaſions.

He was certainly admitted to thoſe meetings in which the firſt hints and original plan of action are ſuppoſed to have been formed; and was one of the ſixteen Miniſters, or agents of the Miniſtry, who met weekly at each other's houſes,

houſes, and were united by the name o *Brother*.

Being not immediately conſidered a an obdurate Tory, he converſed indiſcri minately with all the wits, and was ye the friend of Steele; who, in the *Tatler* which began in 1710, confeſſes the ad vantages of his converſation, and men tions ſomething contributed by him t his paper. But he was now immerging into political controverſy; for the ſam year produced the *Examiner*, of whic Swift wrote thirty-three papers. In argu ment he may be allowed to have the ad vantage; for where a wide ſyſtem of con duct, and the whole of a publick characte is laid open to enquiry, the accuſer havin the choice of facts, muſt be very unſkilfu

e does not prevail; but with regard
vit, I am afraid none of Swift's pa-
s will be found equal to thoſe by
ch Addiſon oppoſed him.

Early in the next year he publiſhed a
poſal for correcting, improving, and
taining the Engliſh Tongue, in a Let-
to the Earl of Oxford; written with-
much knowledge of the general na-
of language, and without any ac-
ate enquiry into the hiſtory of other
gues. The certainty and ſtability
ch, contrary to all experience, he
ks attainable, he propoſes to ſecure
inſtituting an academy; the decrees
which every man would have been
lling, and many would have been
oud to diſobey, and which, being re-

newed

newed by ſucceſſive elections, would in a ſhort time have differed from itſelf.

He wrote the ſame year a *Letter to the October Club*, a number of Tory Gentlemen ſent from the country to Parliament, who formed themſelves into a club, to the number of about a hundred, and met to animate the zeal and raiſe the expectations of each other. They thought, with great reaſon, that the Miniſters were loſing opportunities; that ſufficient uſe was not made of the general ardour of the nation; they called loudly for more changes, and ſtronger efforts; and demanded the puniſhment of part, and the diſmiſſion of the reſt, of thoſe whom they conſidered as publick robbers.

Thei

Their eagerneſs was not gratified by ıe Queen, or by Harley. The Queen as probably ſlow becauſe ſhe was afraid, nd Harley was ſlow becauſe he was oubtful; he was a Tory only by neceſ-ty, or for convenience; and when he ad power in his hands, had no ſettled urpoſe for which he ſhould employ it; orced to gratify to a certain degree the ories who ſupported him, but un-illing to make his reconcilement to he Whigs utterly deſperate, he corre-ponded at once with the two expectants of the Crown, and kept, as has been ob-ſerved, the ſucceſſion undetermined. Not knowing what to do, he did nothing; and with the fate of a double-dealer, at laſt he loſt his power, but kept his enemies.

Swift

Swift ſeems to have concurred
nion with the *October Club*; but
not in his power to quicken th
neſs of Harley, whom he ſtimul
much as he could, but with little
He that knows not whither to g
no haſte to move. Harley, wh
perhaps not quick by nature, h
yet more ſlow by irreſolution; a
content to hear that dilatorineſs lar
as natural, which he applauded i
ſelf as politick.

Without the Tories, however, n
could be done; and as they were
be gratified, they muſt be appeaſed
the conduct of the Miniſter, if it
not be vindicated, was to be pla
excuſed.

Swift now attained the zenith of s political importance: he publiſhed 712) the *Conduct of the Allies*, ten days fore the Parliament aſſembled. The rpoſe was to perſuade the nation to a ace, and never had any writer more ceſs. The people, who had been nuſed with bonfires and triumphal proſſions, and looked with idolatry on the eneral and his friends, who, as they ought, had made England the arbieſs of nations, were confounded beween ſhame and rage, when they found at *mines had been exhauſted, and illions deſtroyed*, to ſecure the Dutch r aggrandiſe the Emperor, without any dvantage to ourſelves; that we had been bribing our neighbours to fight their

their own quarrel; and that amongſt our enemies we might number our allies.

That is now no longer doubted, of which the nation was then firſt informed, that the war was unneceſſarily protracted to fill the pockets of Marlborough; and that it would have been continued without end, if he could have continued his annual plunder. But Swift, I ſuppoſe, did not yet know what he has ſince written, that a commiſſion was drawn which would have appointed him General for life, had it not become ineffectual by the reſolution of Lord Cowper, who refuſed the ſeal.

Whatever is received, ſay the ſchools, *is received in proportion to the recipient.* The power of a political treatiſe de-

pends

ends much upon the diſpoſition of the people; the nation was then combuſtible, and a ſpark ſet it on fire. It is boaſted, that between November and January eleven thouſand were ſold; a great number at that time, when we were not yet a nation of readers. To its propagation certainly no agency of power or influence was wanting. It furniſhed arguments for converſation, ſpeeches for debate, and materials for parliamentary reſolutions.

Yet, ſurely, whoever ſurveys this wonder-working pamphlet with cool peruſal, will confeſs that its efficacy was ſupplied by the paſſions of its readers; that it operates by the mere weight of

facts, with very little affiſtance fror hand that produced them.

This year (1712) he publiſhe *Reflections on the Barrier Treaty*, v carries on the deſign of his *Cond the Allies*, and ſhews how little r in that negotiation had been ſhe the intereſt of England, and how of the conquered country had bee manded by the Dutch.

This was followed by *Remarks o Biſhop of Sarum's Introduction to his Volume of the Hiſtory of the Reforma* a pamphlet which Burnet publiſhe an alarm, to warn the nation of the proach of Popery. Swift, who ſ to have diſliked the Biſhop with ſ

t

thing more than political averſion, treats him like one whom he is glad of an opportunity to inſult.

Swift, being now the declared favourite and ſuppoſed confidant of the Tory Miniſtry, was treated by all that depended on the Court with the reſpect which dependents know how to pay. He ſoon began to feel part of the miſery of greatneſs; he that could ſay he knew him, conſidered himſelf as having fortune in his power. Commiſſions, ſolicitations, remonſtrances, crouded about him; he was expected to do every man's buſineſs, to procure employment for one, and to retain it for another. In aſſiſting thoſe who addreſſed him, he repreſents himſelf as ſufficiently diligent; and deſires

to have others believe, what he probably believed himſelf, that by his interpoſition many Whigs of merit, and among them Addiſon and Congreve, were continued in their places. But every man of known influence has ſo many petitions which he cannot grant, that he muſt neceſſarily offend more than he gratifies, as the preference given to one affords all the reſt a reaſon for complaint. *When I give away a place*, ſaid Lewis XIV. *I make an hundred diſcontented, and one ungrateful.*

Much has been ſaid of the equality and independence which he preſerved in his converſation with the Miniſters, of the frankneſs of his remonſtrances, and the familiarity of his friendſhip.

In

In accounts of this kind a few ſingle incidents are ſet againſt the general tenour of behaviour. No man, however, can pay a more ſervile tribute to the Great, than by ſuffering his liberty in their preſence to aggrandize him in his own eſteem. Between different ranks of the community there is neceſſarily ſome diſtance: he who is called by his ſuperior to paſs the interval, may very properly accept the invitation; but petulance and obtruſion are rarely produced by magnanimity; nor have often any nobler cauſe than the pride of importance, and the malice of inferiority. He who knows himſelf neceſſary may ſet, while that neceſſity laſts, a high value upon himſelf; as, in a lower con-

dition, a ſervant eminently ſkilful may be ſaucy; but he is ſaucy only becauſe he is ſervile. Swift appears to have preſerved the kindneſs of thoſe that wanted him no longer; and therefore it muſt be allowed, that the childiſh freedom, to which he ſeems enough inclined, was overpowered by his better qualities.

His diſintereſtedneſs has been likewiſe mentioned; a ſtrain of heroiſm, which would have been in his condition romantick and ſuperfluous. Eccleſiaſtical benefices, when they become vacant, muſt be given away; and the friends of Power may, if there be no inherent diſqualification, reaſonably expect them. Swift accepted (1713) the deanery of

St.

St. Patrick, the beſt preferment that his friends could venture to give him. That Miniſtry was in a great degree ſupported by the Clergy, who were not yet reconciled to the author of the *Tale of a Tub*, and would not without much diſcontent and indignation have borne to ſee him inſtalled in an Engliſh Cathedral.

He refuſed, indeed, fifty pounds from Lord Oxford; but he accepted afterwards a draught of a thouſand upon the Exchequer, which was intercepted by the Queen's death, and which he reſigned, as he ſays himſelf, *multa gemens, with many a groan.*

In the midſt of his power and his politicks, he kept a journal of his viſits, his walks, his interviews with Miniſters,

and quarrels with his ſervant, and tranſmitted it to Mrs. Johnſon and Mrs. Dingley, to whom he knew that whatever befel him was intereſting, and to whom no accounts could be too minute. Whether theſe diurnal trifles were properly expoſed to eyes which had never received any pleaſure from the preſence of the Dean, may be reaſonably doubted: they have, however, ſome odd attraction; the reader, finding frequent mention of names which he has been uſed to conſider as important, goes on in hope of information; and, as there is nothing to fatigue attention, if he is diſappointed he can hardly complain. It is eaſy to perceive, from every page, that though ambition preſſed Swift into a life

of

of buſtle, the wiſh was always returning for a life of eaſe.

He went to take poſſeſſion of his deanery, as ſoon as he had obtained it; but he was not ſuffered to ſtay in Ireland more than a fortnight before he was recalled to England, that he might reconcile Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, who began to look on one another with malevolence, which every day increaſed, and which Bolingbroke appeared to retain in his laſt years.

Swift contrived an interview, from which they both departed diſcontented: he procured a ſecond, which only convinced him that the feud was irreconcilable; he told them his opinion, that all was loſt. This denunciation was contradicted

tradicted by Oxford, but Bolingbroke whiſpered that he was right.

Before this violent diſſention had ſhattered the Miniſtry, Swift had publiſhed, in the beginning of the year (1714), *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs*, in anſwer to *The Criſis*, a pamphlet for which *Steele* was expelled from the Houſe of Commons. Swift was now ſo far alienated from *Steele* as to think him no longer entitled to decency, and therefore treats him ſometimes with contempt, and ſometimes with abhorrence.

In this pamphlet the Scots were mentioned in terms ſo provoking to that irritable nation, that, reſolving *not to be offended with impunity*, the Scotch Lords in a body demanded an audience of the

Queen, and ſolicited reparation. A proclamation was iſſued, in which three hundred pounds was offered for diſcovery of the author. From this ſtorm he was, as he relates, *ſecured by a ſleight*; of what kind, or by whoſe prudence, is not known; and ſuch was the increaſe of his reputation, that the Scottiſh *Nation applied again that he would be their friend.*

He was become ſo formidable to the Whigs, that his familiarity with the Miniſters was clamoured at in Parliament, particularly by two men, afterwards of great note, *Aiſtabie* and *Walpole*.

But, by the diſunion of his great friends, his importance and his deſigns were now at an end; and ſeeing his ſervices

vices at laſt uſeleſs, he retired about J
(1714) into Berkſhire, where, in
houſe of a friend, he wrote what
then ſuppreſſed, but has ſince appe
under the title of *Free Thoughts on*
preſent State of Affairs.

While he was waiting in this re
ment for events which time or ch
might bring to paſs; the death of
Queen broke down at once the wh
ſyſtem of Tory Politicks; and noth
remained but to withdraw from the
placability of triumphant Whiggi
and ſhelter himſelf in unenvied
ſcurity.

The accounts of his reception in
land, given by Lord Orrery and Dr. D
lany, are ſo different, that the credit

writers, both undoubtedly veracious, not be ſaved but by ſuppoſing, what ink is true, that they ſpeak of dif- nt times. When Delany ſays that was received with kindneſs and re- t, he means for the firſt fortnight, n he came to take legal poſſeſſion; when Lord Orrery tells that he was ed by the populace, he is to be erſtood of the time when, after the een's death, he became a ſettled re- nt.

The Archbiſhop of Dublin gave him rſt ſome diſturbance in the exerciſe is juriſdiction; but it was ſoon diſ- ered, that between prudence and in- ity he was ſeldom in the wrong;

and

and that, when he was right, his ſpi
did not eaſily yield to oppoſition.

Having ſo lately quitted the tumul
of a party and the intrigues of a cou
they ſtill kept his thoughts in agitatio
as the ſea fluctuates a while when t
ſtorm has ceaſed. He therefore fill
his hours with ſome hiſtorical attempt
relating to the *Change of the Miniſtr*
and *the Conduct of the Miniſtry*. He lik
wiſe is ſaid to have written a *Hiſtory*
the Four laſt Years of Queen Anne, whic
he began in her life-time, and afte
wards laboured with great attentio
but never publiſhed. It was after h
death in the hands of Lord Orrery a
Dr. King. A book under that title w
publiſhed, with Swift's name, by D

Lucas

Lucas; of which I can only ſay, that it ſeemed by no means to correſpond with the notions that I had formed of it, from a converſation which I once heard between the Earl of Orrery and old Mr. Lewis.

Swift now, much againſt his will, commenced Iriſhman for life, and was to contrive how he might be beſt accommodated in a country where he conſidered himſelf as in a ſtate of exile. It ſeems that his firſt recourſe was to piety. The thoughts of death ruſhed upon him, at this time, with ſuch inceſſant importunity, that they took poſſeſſion of his mind when he firſt waked for many years together.

He

among the men, and of el
the women. Mrs. Johnſo
country, and lived in lod
from the deanery. On hi
ſhe regulated the table, h
peared at it as a mere g
Ladies.

On other days he oft
ſtated price, with Mr. Wo
man of his cathedral, wi
recommended by the pc

which he had contracted, and he continued it for the pleaſure of accumulating money. His avarice, however, was not ſuffered to obſtruct the claims of his dignity; he was ſerved in plate, and uſed to ſay that he was the pooreſt gentleman in Ireland that eat upon plate, and the richeſt that lived without a coach.

How he ſpent the reſt of his time, and how he employed his hours of ſtudy, has been enquired with hopeleſs curioſity. For who can give an account of another's ſtudies? Swift was not likely to admit any to his privacies, or to impart a minute account of his buſineſs or his leiſure.

Soon after (1716), in his forty-nint year, he was privately married to Mr Johnſon by Dr. Aſhe, Biſhop of Cloghe as Dr. Madden told me, in the garde The marriage made no change in the mode of life; they lived in differe houſes, as before; nor did ſhe ever lod in the deanery but when Swift w ſeized with a fit of giddineſs. "It wou "be difficult," ſays Lord Orrery, " "prove that they were ever afterwar "together without a third perſon."

The Dean of St. Patrick's lived in private manner, known and regard only by his friends, till, about the ye 1720, he, by a pamphlet, recommend to the Iriſh the uſe, and conſequent the improvement, of their manufactu

or a man to uſe the productions of his
wn labour is ſurely a natural right,
d to like beſt what he makes himſelf
a natural paſſion. But to excite this
ſſion, and enforce this right, appeared
criminal to thoſe who had an intereſt
the Engliſh trade, that the printer
as impriſoned; and, as Hawkeſworth
ſtly obſerves, the attention of the pub-
ck being by this outrageous reſentment
rned upon the propoſal, the author
as by conſequence made popular.

In 1723 died Mrs. Van Homrigh, a
oman made unhappy by her admira-
on of wit, and ignominiouſly diſtin-
uiſhed by the name of *Vaneſſa*, whoſe
nduct has been already ſufficiently
ſcuſſed, and whoſe hiſtory is too well

known to be minutely repeated.
was a young woman fond of literat
whom *Decanus* the *Dean*, called *Cad*
by tranſpoſition of the letters, took p
ſure in directing and inſtructing;
from being proud of his praiſe, ſhe g
ſond of his perſon. Swift was t
about forty-ſeven, at an age when va
is ſtrongly excited by the amorous
tention of a young woman. If it
ſaid that Swift ſhould have checke
paſſion which he never meant to grat
recourſe muſt be had to that exte
tion which he ſo much deſpiſed, *men*
but men: perhaps however he did nc
firſt know his own mind, and, as he
preſents himſelf, was undetermined.
his admiſſion of her courtſhip, and

w

indulgence of her hopes after his marriage to Stella, no other honeſt plea can be found, than that he delayed a diſagreeable diſcovery from time to time, dreading the immediate burſt of diſtreſs, and watching for a favourable moment. She thought herſelf neglected, and died of diſappointment; having ordered by her will the poem to be publiſhed, in which *Cadenus* had proclaimed her excellence, and confeſſed his love. The effect of the publication is thus related by Delany.

"I have good reaſon to believe, that "they both were greatly ſhocked and "diſtreſſed (though it may be differently) upon this occaſion. The Dean "made a tour to the South of Ireland,

" for about two months, at this time, t
" diſſipate his thoughts, and give plac
" to obloquy. And Stella retired (upo
" the earneſt invitation of the owne
" to the houſe of a chearful, generou
" good-natured friend of the Dean'
" whom ſhe alſo much loved and h
" noured. There my informer often ſa
" her; and, I have reaſon to believ
" uſed his utmoſt endeavours to reliev
" ſupport, and amuſe her, in this ſa
" ſituation.

" One little incident he told me o
" on that occaſion, I think I ſhall nev
" forget. As her friend was an hoſp
" table, open-hearted man, well-belov
" and largely acquainted, it happen
" one day that ſome gentlemen dropt

"to dinner, who were ſtrangers to Stel-
"la's ſituation; and as the poem of
"*Cadenus and Vaneſſa* was then the ge-
"neral topic of converſation, one of
"them ſaid, 'Surely that Vaneſſa muſt
"be an extraordinary woman, that could
"inſpire the Dean to write ſo finely
"upon her.' Mrs. Johnſon ſmiled, and
"anſwered, "that ſhe thought that
"point not quite ſo clear; for it was
"well known the Dean could write
"finely upon a broomſtick."

The great acquiſition of eſteem and influence was made by the *Drapier's Letters* in 1724. One Wood of Wolverhampton in Staffordſhire, a man enterpriſing and rapacious, had, as is ſaid, by a preſent to the Dutcheſs of Munſter,

obtained a patent empowering him to coin one hundred and eighty thouſand pounds of half-pence and farthings for the kingdom of Ireland, in which there was a very inconvenient and embarraſſing ſcarcity of copper coin; ſo that it was poſſible to run in debt upon the credit of a piece of money. The cook or keeper of an alehouſe could not refuſe to ſupply a man that had ſilver in his hand, and the buyer would not leave his money without change.

The project was therefore plauſible. The ſcarcity, which was already great, Wood took care to make greater, by agents who gathered up the old half-pence; and was about to turn his braſs into gold, by pouring his treaſures of his

his new mint upon Ireland, when Swift, finding that the metal was debaſed to an enormous degree, wrote Letters, under the name of *M. B. Drapier*, to ſhew the folly of receiving, and the miſchief that muſt enſue, by giving gold and ſilver for coin worth perhaps not a third part of its nominal value.

The nation was alarmed; the new coin was univerſally refuſed: but the governors of Ireland conſidered reſiſtance to the King's patent as highly criminal; and one Whitſhed, then Chief Juſtice, who had tried the printer of the former pamphlet, and ſent out the Jury nine times, till by clamour and menaces they were frighted into a ſpecial verdict, now preſented the *Drapier*, but could

could not prevail on the Grand Jury to find the bill.

Lord Carteret and the Privy Council publiſhed a proclamation, offering three hundred pounds for diſcovering the author of the Fourth Letter. Swift had concealed himſelf from his printers, and truſted only his butler, who tranſcribed the paper. The man, immediately after the appearance of the proclamation, ſtrolled from the houſe, and ſtaid out all night and part of the next day. There was reaſon enough to fear that he had betrayed his maſter for the reward; but he came home, and the Dean ordered him to put off his livery, and leave the houſe; "for," ſays he, "I know that "my life is in your power, and I will "not

"not bear, out of fear, either your insolence or negligence." The man excuſed his fault with great ſubmiſſion, and begged that he might be confined in the houſe while it was in his power to endanger his maſter; but the Dean reſolutely turned him out, without taking farther notice of him, till the term of information had expired, and then received him again. Soon afterwards he ordered him and the reſt of the ſervants into his preſence, without telling his intentions, and bade them take notice that their fellow-ſervant was no longer Robert the butler; but that his integrity had made him Mr. Blakeney, verger of St. Patrick's; an officer whoſe income was between thirty and forty

forty pounds a year, but he ſtill continued for ſome years to ſerve his old maſter as his butler.

Swift was known from this time by the appellation of *The Dean*. He was honoured by the populace as the champion, patron, and inſtructer of Ireland; and gained ſuch power as, conſidered both in its extent and duration, ſcarcely any man has ever enjoyed without greater wealth or higher ſtation.

He was from this important year the oracle of the traders, and the idol of the rabble, and by conſequence was feared and courted by all to whom the kindneſs of the traders or the populace was neceſſary. The *Drapier* was a ſign; the *Drapier* was a health; and which way

way ſoever the eye or the ear was turned, ſome tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the *Drapier*.

The benefit was indeed great; he had reſcued Ireland from a very oppreſſive and predatory invaſion; and the popularity which he had gained he was diligent to keep, by appearing forward and zealous on every occaſion where the publick intereſt was ſuppoſed to be involved. Nor did he much ſcruple to boaſt his influence; for when, upon ſome attempts to regulate the coin, Archbiſhop Boulter, then one of the Juſtices, accuſed him of exaſperating the people, he exculpated himſelf by ſaying, "If I had lifted up my finger, "they would have torn you to pieces."

But

But the pleaſure of popularity was ſoon interrupted by domeſtick miſery. Mrs. Johnſon, whoſe converſation was to him the great ſoftener of the ills of life, began in the year of the Drapier's triumph to decline; and two years afterwards was ſo waſted with ſickneſs, that her recovery was conſidered as hopeleſs.

Swift was then in England, and had been invited by Lord Bolingbroke to paſs the winter with him in France; but this call of calamity haſtened him to Ireland, where perhaps his preſence contributed to reſtore her to imperfect and tottering health.

He was now ſo much at eaſe, that (1727) he returned to England; where he collected three volumes of Miſcella-

nies

in conjunction with Pope, who pre-
d a querulous and apologetical Pre-
:.

This important year ſent likewiſe into
world *Gulliver's Travels*, a production
ew and ſtrange, that it filled the reader
h a mingled emotion of merriment
amazement. It was received with
h avidity, that the price of the firſt
:ion was raiſed before a ſecond could
made; it was read by the high and
low, the learned and illiterate. Cri-
ſm was for a while loſt in wonder;
rules of judgement were applied to
ook written in open defiance of truth
l regularity. But when diſtinctions
ıe to be made, the part which gave
ſt pleaſure was that which deſcribes
the

the *Flying Iſland*, and that which gave moſt diſguſt muſt be the hiſtory of the *Houyhnhnms*.

While Swift was enjoying the reputation of his new work, the news of the King's death arrived; and he kiſſed the hands of the new King and Queen three days after their acceſſion.

By the Queen, when ſhe was Princeſs, he had been treated with ſome diſtinction, and was well received by her in her exaltation; but whether ſhe gave hopes which ſhe never took care to ſatisfy, or he formed expectations which ſhe never meant to raiſe, the event was, that he always afterwards thought on her with malevolence, and particularly charged her with breaking her promiſe of

ſome medals which ſhe engaged to
d him.

I know not whether ſhe had not, in
r turn, ſome reaſon for complaint.
Letter was ſent her, not ſo much en-
ating as requiring her patronage of
rs. Barber, an ingenious Iriſhwoman,
o was then begging ſubſcriptions for
r Poems. To this Letter was ſub-
ribed the name of *Swift*, and it has
l the appearances of his diction and
ntiments; but it was not written in
is hand, and had ſome little impro-
rieties. When he was charged with
is Letter, he laid hold of the inaccu-
acies, and urged the improbability of
ie accuſation; but never denied it: he
uffles between cowardice and vera-

city, and talks big when he ſay nothing.

He ſeemed deſirous enough of recommencing courtier, and endeavoured to gain the kindneſs of Mrs. Howard, remembering what Mrs. Maſham had performed in former times; but his flatteries were, like thoſe of the other wits, unſucceſsful; the Lady either wanted power, or had no ambition of poetical immortality.

He was ſeized not long afterwards by a fit of giddineſs, and again heard of the ſickneſs and danger of Mrs. Johnſon. He then left the houſe of Pope, as it ſeems, with very little ceremony, finding that *two ſick friends cannot live*

toge-

together; and did not write to him till he found himſelf at Cheſter.

He returned to a home of ſorrow: poor Stella was ſinking into the grave, and, after a languiſhing delay of about two months, died in her forty-fourth year, on January 28, 1728. How much he wiſhed her life, his papers tell us; nor can it be doubted that he dreaded the death of her whom he loved moſt, aggravated by the conſcioufneſs that himſelf had haſtened it.

Beauty and the power of pleaſing, the greateſt external advantages that woman can deſire or poſſeſs, were fatal to the unfortunate Stella. The man whom ſhe had the misfortune to love was, as Delany obſerves, fond of ſingu-

larity, and desirous to make a mode of happiness for himself, out of the general course of things and order of Providence. From the time of her arrival in Ireland he seems resolved to keep her in his power, and therefore hindered a match sufficiently advantageous, by accumulating unreasonable demands, and prescribing conditions that could not be performed. While she was at her own disposal he did not consider his possession as secure; resentment, ambition, or caprice, might separate them; he was therefore resolved to make *assurance double sure*, and to appropriate her by a private marriage, to which he had annexed the expectation of all the pleasures of perfect friendship, without the

uneaſineſs of conjugal reſtraint. But with this ſtate poor Stella was not ſatisfied; ſhe never was treated as a wife, and to the world ſhe had the appearance of a miſtreſs. She lived ſullenly on, in hope that in time he would own and receive her; but the time did not come till the change of his manners and depravation of his mind made her tell him, when he offered to acknowledge her, that *it was too late*. She then gave up herſelf to ſorrowful reſentment, and died by the tyranny of him by whom ſhe was in the higheſt degree loved and honoured.

What were her claims to this excentrick tenderneſs, by which the laws of Nature were violated to retain her, curioſity

rioſity will enquire; but how ſhall it be gratified? Swift was a lover; his teſtimony may be ſuſpected. Delany and the Iriſh ſaw with Swift's eyes, and therefore add little confirmation. That ſhe was virtuous, beautiful, and elegant, in a very high degree, ſuch admiration from ſuch a lover makes it very probable; but ſhe had not much literature, for ſhe could not ſpell her own language; and of her wit, ſo loudly vaunted, the ſmart ſayings which Swift has collected afford no ſplendid ſpecimen.

The reader of Swift's *Letter to a Lady on her Marriage*, may be allowed to doubt whether his opinion of female excellence ought implicitly to be admitted; for if his general thoughts on women.

men were ſuch as he exhibits, a very little ſenſe in a Lady would enrapture, and a very little virtue would aſtoniſh him. Stella's ſupremacy, therefore, was perhaps only local; ſhe was great, becauſe her aſſociates were little.

In ſome Remarks lately publiſhed on the Life of Swift, this marriage is mentioned as fabulous, or doubtful; but, alas! poor Stella, as Dr. Madden told me, related her melancholy ſtory to Dr. Sheridan, when he attended her as a clergyman to prepare her for death; and Delany tells it not with doubt, but only with regret. Swift never mentioned her without a ſigh.

The reſt of his life was ſpent in Ireland, in a country to which not even

power almoſt deſpotick, nor flattery almoſt idolatrous, could reconcile him. He ſometimes wiſhed to viſit England, but always found ſome reaſon of delay. He tells Pope, in the decline of life, that he hopes once more to ſee him; *but if not*, ſays he, *we muſt part, as all human beings have parted.*

After the death of Stella, his benevolence was contracted, and his ſeverity exaſperated; he drove his acquaintance from his table, and wondered why he was deſerted. But he continued his attention to the publick, and wrote from time to time ſuch directions, admonitions, or cenſures, as the various exigency of affairs, in his opinion, made

er; and nothing fell from his pen
in.

a ſhort poem on the Preſbyterians,
m he always regarded with deteſta-
, he beſtowed one ſtricture upon
eſworth, a lawyer eminent for his
lence to the clergy, which, from
: conſiderable reputation, brought
into immediate and univerſal con-
pt. Betteſworth, enraged at his diſ-
ce and loſs, went to Swift, and do-
ded whether he was the author of
: poem. "Mr. Betteſworth," an-
red he, "I was in my youth ac-
uainted with great lawyers, who,
nowing my diſpoſition to ſatire, ad-
iſed me, that, if any ſcoundrel or
lockhead whom I had lampooned
"ſhould

" ſhould aſk, *Are you the author*
" *paper*, I ſhould tell him that I v
" the author; and therefore I te
" Mr. Betteſworth, that I am n
" author of theſe lines."

Betteſworth was ſo little ſatisfie
this account, that he publickly pr
his reſolution of a violent and cc
revenge; but the inhabitants of S
trick's diſtrict embodied themſel
the Dean's defence; and Betteſwor
clared in Parliament, that Swift h
prived him of twelve hundred p
a year.

Swift was popular a while by a
mode of beneficence. He ſet aſid
hundreds to be lent in ſmall ſu
the poor, from five ſhillings, I

ive pounds. He took no intereſt, only required that, at repayment, a ll fee ſhould be given to the ac- ptant; but he required that the day romiſed payment ſhould be exactly t. A ſevere and punctilious temper l qualified for tranſactions with the r; the day was often broken, and loan was not repaid. This might e been eaſily foreſeen; but for this ft had made no proviſion of patience- ity. He ordered his debtors to be l. A ſevere creditor has no popular racter; what then was likely to be ſaid im who employs the catchpoll under appearance of charity? The clamour inſt him was loud, and the reſent- nt of the populace outrageous; he

was

was therefore forced to drop his ſcl and own the folly of expecting pui lity from the poor.

His aſperity continually incre condemned him to ſolitude; and l ſentment of ſolitude ſharpened his rity. He was not, however, total ſerted: ſome men of learning, and women of elegance, often viſited and he wrote from time to time ſ verſe or proſe; of his verſes he wil ly gave copies, and is ſuppoſed to felt no diſcontent when he ſaw printed. His favourite maxim was *la bagatelle*; he thought trifles a n y part of life, and perhaps f n neceſſary to himſelf. It ſeem ſible to him to be idle, and hi

ders made it difficult or dangerous to
: long ſeriouſly ſtudious, or laborioufly
ligent. The love of eaſe is always
ining upon age, and he had one temp-
tion to petty amuſements peculiar to
mſelf; whatever he did, he was ſure
hear applauded; and ſuch was his
edominance over all that approached,
at all their applauſes were probably
ıcere. He that is much flattered, ſoon
arns to flatter himſelf: we are com-
only taught our duty by fear or ſhame,
ıd how can they act upon the man who
ears nothing but his own praiſes?

As his years increaſed, his fits of gid-
ineſs and deafneſs grew more frequent,
ıd his deafneſs made converſation diffi-
ılt; they grew likewiſe more ſevere,

till

till in 1736, as he was writing a poem called *The Legion Club*, he was ſeized with a fit ſo painful, and ſo long continued, that he never after thought it proper to attempt any work of thought or labour.

He was always careful of his money, and was therefore no liberal entertainer; but was leſs frugal of his wine than of his meat. When his friends of either ſex came to him, in expectation of a dinner his cuſtom was to give every one a ſhilling, that they might pleaſe themſelves with their proviſion. At laſt his avarice grew too powerful for his kindneſs; would refuſe a bottle of wine, and Ireland no man viſits where he can drink.

Ha

Having thus excluded converſation, and deſiſted from ſtudy, he had neither buſineſs nor amuſement; for having, by ſome ridiculous reſolution or mad vow, determined never to wear ſpectacles, he could make little uſe of books in his later years: his ideas, therefore, being neither renovated by diſcourſe nor increaſed by reading, wore gradually away, and left his mind vacant to the vexations of the hour, till at laſt his anger was heightened into madneſs.

He however permitted one book to be publiſhed, which had been the production of former years; *Polite Converſation*, which appeared in 1738. The *Directions for Servants* was printed ſoon after his death. Theſe two performances ſhew

ſhew a mind inceſſantly attentive, a
when it was not employed upon g
things, buſy with minute occurren
It is apparent that he muſt have had
habit of noting whatever he obſerv
for ſuch a number of particulars c
never have been aſſembled by the pc
of recollection.

He grew more violent; and his r
tal powers declined till (1741.) it
found neceſſary that legal guar
ſhould be appointed of his perſon
fortune. He now loſt diſtinction.
madneſs was compounded of rage
fatuity. The laſt face that he l
was that of Mrs. Whiteway, and h
ceaſed to know in a little time.
meat was brought him cut into mc

uls; but he would never touch it while ne ſervant ſtaid, and at laſt, after it had ood perhaps an hour, would eat it valking; for he continued his old habit, nd was on his feet ten hours a-day.

Next year (1742) he had an inflam- nation in his left eye, which ſwelled it o the ſize of an egg, with boils in other parts; he was kept long waking with he pain, and was not eaſily reſtrained by five attendants from tearing out his ye.

The tumour at laſt ſubſided; and a hort interval of reaſon enſuing, in which ne knew his phyſician and his family, gave hopes of his recovery; but in a ew days he ſunk into lethargick ſtupi- lity, motionleſs, heedleſs, and ſpeech-

leſs. But it is ſaid, that, after a year
total ſilence, when his houſekeeper,
the 30th of November, told him th
the uſual bonfires and illuminations we
preparing to celebrate his birthday, l
anſwered, *It is all folly; they had bett
let it alone.*

It is remembered that he afterwar
ſpoke now and then, or gave ſome int
mation of a meaning; but at laſt ſun
into perfect ſilence, which continued ti
about the end of October 1744, wher
in his ſeventy-eighth year, he expire
without a ſtruggle.

WHEN

WHEN Swift is conſidered as an or, it is juſt to eſtimate his powers heir effects. In the reign of Queen e he turned the ſtream of popula- againſt the Whigs, and muſt be eſſed to have dictated for a time political opinions of the Engliſh na- In the ſucceeding reign he deli- d Ireland from plunder and oppreſ- ; and ſhewed that wit, confederated truth, had ſuch force as authority unable to reſiſt. He ſaid truly of elf, that Ireland *was his debtor.* It from the time when he firſt began atronize the Iriſh, that they may

date their riches and proſperity. He taught them firſt to know their own intereſt, their weight, and their ſtrength, and gave them ſpirit to aſſert that equality with their fellow-ſubjects to which they have ever ſince been making vigorous advances, and to claim thoſe rights which they have at laſt eſtabliſhed. Nor can they be charged with ingratitude to their benefactor; for they reverenced him as a guardian, and obeyed him as a dictator.

In his works, he has given very different ſpecimens both of ſentiment and expreſſion. His *Tale of a Tub* has little reſemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiouſneſs of images, and vivacity

ſtion, ſuch as he afterwards never
ſed, or never exerted. It is of a
ſo diſtinct and peculiar, that it
be conſidered by itſelf; what is
f that, is not true of any thing elſe
he has written.

iis other works is found an equable
r of eaſy language, which rather
es than flows. His delight was in ſim-
r. That he has in his works no me-
r, as has been ſaid, is not true; but
w metaphors ſeem to be received
by neceſſity than choice. He
d purity; and though perhaps all
uctures are not exact, yet it is not
that ſoleciſms can be found; and
ver depends on his authority may
ally conclude himſelf ſafe. His ſen-

tences are never too much dilated or contracted; and it will not be eaſy to find any embarraſſment in the complication of his clauſes, any inconſequence in his connections, or abruptneſs in his tranſitions.

His ſtyle was well ſuited to his thoughts, which are never ſubtiliſed by nice diſquiſitions, decorated by ſparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious ſentences, or variegated by far-ſought learning. He pays no court to the paſſions; he excites neither ſurprize nor admiration; he always underſtands himſelf, and his reader always underſtands him: the peruſer of Swift wants little previous knowledge; it will be ſufficient that he is acquainted with common words and com-

common things; he is neither required to mount elevations, nor to explore profundities; his paſſage is always on a level, along ſolid ground, without aſperities, without obſtruction.

This eaſy and ſafe conveyance of meaning it was Swift's deſire to attain, and for having attained he certainly deſerves praiſe, though perhaps not the higheſt praiſe. For purpoſes merely didactick, when ſomething is to be told that was not known before, it is in the higheſt degree proper, but againſt that inattention by which known truths are ſuffered to lie neglected, it makes no proviſion; it inſtructs, but does not perſuade.

By his political education he was aſſociated with the Whigs; but he deſerted them when they deſerted their principles, yet without running into the contrary extreme; he continued throughout his life to retain the diſpoſition which he aſſigns to the *Church-of-England Man*, of thinking commonly with the Whigs of the State, and with the Tories of the Church.

He was a churchman rationally zealous; he deſired the proſperity and maintained the honour of the Clergy; of the Diſſenters he did not wiſh to infringe the toleration, but he oppoſed their encroachments.

Of his duty as Dean he was very obſervant. He managed the revenues of his

his church with exact œconomy; and it is ſaid by Delany, that more money was, under his direction, laid out in repairs than had ever been in the ſame time ſince its firſt erection. Of his choir he was eminently careful; and, though he neither loved nor underſtood muſick, took care that all the ſingers were well qualified, admitting none without the teſtimony of ſkilful judges.

In his church he reſtored the practice of weekly communion, and diſtributed the ſacramental elements in the moſt ſolemn and devout manner with his own hand. He came to church every morning, preached commonly in his turn, and attended the evening anthem, that it might not be negligently performed.

He

He read the ſervice *rather with a ſtrong nervous voice than in a graceful manner*; *his voice was ſharp and high-toned, rather than harmonious.*

He entered upon the clerical ſtate with hope to excel in preaching; but complained, that, from the time of his political controverſies, *he could only preach pamphlets.* This cenſure of himſelf, if judgement be made from thoſe ſermons which have been publiſhed, was unreaſonably ſevere.

The ſuſpicions of his irreligion proceeded in a great meaſure from his dread of hypocriſy; inſtead of wiſhing to ſeem better, he delighted in ſeeming worſe than he was. He went in London to early prayers, leſt he ſhould be ſeen at church;

church; he read prayers to his ſervants every morning with ſuch dexterous ſecrecy, that Dr. Delany was ſix months in his houſe before he knew it. He was not only careful to hide the good which he did, but willingly incurred the ſuſpicion of evil which he did not. He forgot what himſelf had formerly aſſerted, that hypocriſy is leſs miſchievous than open impiety. Dr. Delany, with all his zeal for his honour, has juſtly condemned this part of his character.

The perſon of Swift had not many recommendations. He had a kind of muddy complexion, which, though he waſhed himſelf with oriental ſcrupuloſity, did not look clear. He had a countenance ſour and ſevere, which he ſeldom

dom ſoftened by any appearance of gaiety. He ſtubbornly reſiſted any tendency to laughter.

To his domeſticks he was naturally rough; and a man of a rigorous temper, with that vigilance of minute attention which his works diſcover, muſt have been a maſter that few could bear. That he was diſpoſed to do his ſervants good, on important occaſions, is no great mitigation; benefaction can be but rare, and tyrannick peeviſhneſs is perpetual. He did not ſpare the ſervants of others. Once, when he dined alone with the Earl of Orrery, he ſaid, of one that waited in the room, *That man has, ſince we ſat to the table, committed fifteen faults.* What the faults were, Lord Orrery, from whom

I heard

I heard the ſtory, had not been attentive enough to diſcover. My number may perhaps not be exact.

In his œconomy he practiſed a peculiar and offenſive parſimony, without diſguiſe or apology. The practice of ſaving being once neceſſary, became habitual, and grew firſt ridiculous, and at laſt deteſtable. But his avarice, though it might exclude pleaſure, was never ſuffered to encroach upon his virtue. He was frugal by inclination, but liberal by principle; and if the purpoſe to which he deſtined his little accumulations be remembered, with his diſtribution of occaſional charity, it will perhaps appear that he only liked one mode of expence better than another,

and

and ſaved only that he might have ſo
thing to give. He did not grow r
by injuring his ſucceſſors, but left b
Laracor and the Deanery more valua
than he found them.—With all this t
of his covetouſneſs and generoſity,
ſhould be remembered that he was ne
rich. The revenue of his Deanery v
not much more than ſeven hundr
a year.

His beneficence was not graced wi
tenderneſs or civility; he relieved wi
out pity, and aſſiſted without kindne
ſo that thoſe who were fed by him cou
hardly love him.

He made a rule to himſelf to gi
but one piece at a time, and therefo
alwa

ys ſtored his pocket with coins of
rent value.

Whatever he did, he ſeemed willing
o in a manner peculiar to himſelf,
out ſufficiently conſidering that ſin-
rity, as it implies a contempt of the
ral practice, is a kind of defiance
h juſtly provokes the hoſtility of
ule; he therefore who indulges pe-
ar habits is worſe than others, if he
ot better.

f his humour, a ſtory told by Pope
afford a ſpecimen.

" Dr. Swift has an odd, blunt way,
at is miſtaken, by ſtrangers, for ill-
ture.—'Tis ſo odd, that there's no
ſcribing it but by facts. I'll tell

* Spence.

" you

" you one, that firſt comes into my
" head. One evening, Gay and I went
" to ſee him: you know how intimately
" we were all acquainted. On our
" coming in, " Heyday, gentlemen (ſays
" the Doctor), what's the meaning of
" this viſit! How came you to leave
" all the great Lords, that you are ſo
" fond of, to come hither to ſee a poor
" Dean?"—Becauſe we would rather
" ſee you than any of them.—" Ay,
" any one that did not know ſo well as
" I do, might believe you. But ſince
" you are come, I muſt get ſome ſupper
" for you, I ſuppoſe." : No, Doctor,
" we have ſupped already.—" Supped
" already, that's impoſſible! why, 'tis
" not eight o'clock yet.—That's very
" ſtrange

" ſtrange: but, if you had not ſupped,
" I muſt have got ſo nething for you.—
" Let me ſee, what ſhould I have had?
" A couple of lobſters; ay, that would
" have done very well; two ſhillings—
" tarts, a ſhilling: but you will drink
" a glaſs of wine with me, though you
" ſupped ſo much before your uſual
" time only to ſpare my pocket?"—No,
" we had rather talk with you than
" drink with you.—' But if you had
" ſupped with me, as in all reaſon you
" ought to have done, you muſt then
" have drunk with me.—A bottle of
" wine, two ſhillings—two and two is
" four, and one is five: juſt two-and-
" ſix-pence a-piece. There, Pope, there's
" half a crown for you, and there's ano-

" ther for you, Sir; for I won't ſave
" any thing by you, I am determined.'—
" This was all ſaid and done with his
" uſual ſerioufneſs on ſuch occaſions;
" and, in ſpite of every thing we could
" ſay to the contrary, he actually
" obliged us to take the money."

In the intercourſe of familiar life, he indulged his diſpoſition to petulance and ſarcaſm, and thought himſelf injured if the licentiouſneſs of his raillery, the freedom of his cenſures, or the petulance of his frolicks, was reſented or repreſſed. He predominated over his companions with very high aſcendency, and probably would bear none over whom he could not predominate. To give him advice was, in the ſtile of his friend

friend Delany, *to venture to ſpeak to him.* This cuſtomary ſuperiority ſoon grew too delicate for truth; and Swift, with all his penetration, allowed himſelf to be delighted with low flattery.

On all common occaſions, he habitually affects a ſtyle of arrogance, and dictates rather than perſuades. This authoritative and magiſterial language he expected to be received as his peculiar mode of jocularity; but he apparently flattered his own arrogance by an aſſumed predomination, in which he was ironical only to the reſentful, and to the ſubmiſſive ſufficiently ſerious.

He told ſtories with great felicity, and delighted in doing what he knew

3715238

himſelf to do well. He was therefore captivated by the reſpectful ſilence of a ſteady liſtener, and told the ſame tales too often.

He did not, however, claim the right of talking alone; for it was his rule, when he had ſpoken a minute, to give room by a pauſe for any other ſpeaker. Of time, on all occaſions, he was an exact computer, and knew the minutes required to every common operation.

It may be juſtly ſuppoſed that there was in his converſation, what appears ſo frequently in his Letters, an affectation of familiarity with the Great, an ambition of momentary equality ſought and enjoyed by the neglect of thoſe ceremonies which cuſtom has eſtabliſhed as the bar-

barriers between one order of ſociety and another. This tranſgreſſion of regularity was by himſelf and his admirers termed greatneſs of ſoul. But a great mind diſdains to hold any thing by courteſy, and therefore never uſurps what a lawful claimant may take away. He that encroaches on another's dignity, puts himſelf in his power; he is either repelled with helpleſs indignity, or endured by clemency and condeſcenſion.

Of Swift's general habits of thinking if his Letters can be ſuppoſed to afford any evidence, he was not a man to be either loved or envied. He ſeems to have waſted life in diſcontent, by the rage of neglected pride, and the languiſhment of unſatisfied deſire. He

is querulous and faſtidious, arrogant an
malignant; he ſcarcely ſpeaks of hin
ſelf but with indignant lamentations, c
of others but with inſolent ſuperiori
when he is gay, and with angry co
ſcempt when he is gloomy. From th
Letters that paſs between him and Po
it might be inferred that they, with A
buthnot and Gay, had engroſſed all th
underſtanding and virtue of mankin
that their merits filled the world; c
that there was no hope of more. Th
ſhew the age involved in darknes
and ſhade the picture with ſullen em
lation.

When the Queen's death drove hi
into Ireland, he might be allowed to r
gret for a time the interception of h
view

views, the extinction of his hopes, and his ejection from gay ſcenes, important employment, and ſplendid friendſhips; but when time had enabled reaſon to prevail over vexation, the complaints, which at firſt were natural, became ridiculous becauſe they were uſeleſs. But querulouſneſs was now grown habitual, and he cried out when he probably had ceaſed to feel. His reiterated wailings perſuaded Bolingbroke that he was really willing to quit his deanery for an Engliſh pariſh; and Bolingbroke procured an exchange, which was rejected, and Swift ſtill retained the pleaſure of complaining.

The greateſt difficulty that occurs, in analyſing his character, is to diſcover

by what depravity of intellect he took delight in revolving ideas, from which almoſt every other mind ſhrinks with diſguſt. The ideas of pleaſure, even when criminal, may ſolicite the imagination; but what has diſeaſe, deformity, and filth, upon which the thoughts can be allured to dwell? Delany is willing to think that Swift's mind was not much tainted with this groſs corruption before his long viſit to Pope. He does not conſider how he degrades his hero, by making him at fifty-nine the pupil of turpitude, and liable to the malignant influence of an aſcendant mind. But the truth is, that Gulliver had deſcribed his *Yahoos* before the viſit, and he that had formed thoſe images had nothing filthy to learn.

I have

I have here given the character of Swift as he exhibits himſelf to my perception; but now let another be heard who knew him better; Dr. Delany, after long acquaintance, deſcribes him to Lord Orrery in theſe terms.

"My Lord, when you conſider "Swift's ſingular, peculiar, and moſt "variegated vein of wit, always rightly "intended (although not always ſo "rightly directed), delightful in many "inſtances, and ſalutary, even where it is "moſt offenſive; when you conſider his "ſtrict truth, his fortitude in reſiſting "oppreſſion and arbitrary power; his "fidelity in friendſhip, his ſincere love "and zeal for religion, his uprightneſs "in making right reſolutions, and his

"ſteadi-

" ſteadineſs in adhering to them; his
" care of his church, its choir, its œco-
" nomy, and its income; his attention
" to all thoſe that preached in his ca-
" thedral, in order to their amendment
" in pronunciation and ſtyle; as alſo
" his remarkable attention to the inte-
" reſt of his ſucceſſors, preferably to
" his own preſent emoluments; invin-
" cible patriotiſm, even to a country
" which he did not love; his very va-
" rious, well-deviſed, well-judged, and
" extenſive charities, throughout his
" life, and his whole fortune (to ſay
" nothing of his wife's) conveyed to the
" ſame chriſtian purpoſes at his death;
" charities from which he could enjoy
" no

"no honour, advantage, or ſatisfac-
"tion of any kind in this world.
"When you conſider his ironical and
"humorous, as well as his ſerious
"ſchemes, for the promotion of true
"religion and virtue; his ſucceſs in
"ſoliciting for the Firſt Fruits and
"Twentieths, to the unſpeakable bene-
"fit of the eſtabliſhed Church of Ire-
"land; and his felicity (to rate it no
"higher) in giving occaſion to the
"building of fifty new churches in
"London.

"All this conſidered, the character
"of his life will appear like that of his
"writings; they will both bear to be
"re-conſidered and re-examined with

" the utmoſt attention, and always diſ-
" cover new beauties and excellencies
" upon every examination.

" They will bear to be conſidered as
" the ſun, in which the brightneſs will
" hide the blemiſhes; and whenever pe-
" tulant ignorance, pride, malice, ma-
" lignity, or envy, interpoſes to cloud
" or fully his fame, I will take upon me
" to pronounce that the eclipſe will not
" laſt long.

" To conclude—no man ever de-
" ſerved better of any country than
" Swift did of his. A ſteady, perſe-
" vering, inflexible friend; a wiſe, a
" watchful, and a faithful counſellor,
" under many ſevere trials and bitter

rſecutions, to the manifeſt hazard
th of his liberty and fortune.

He lived a bleſſing, he died a be-
factor, and his name will ever live
honour to Ireland."

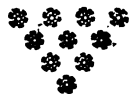
IN

lencies and all his defects has ſo we
maintained his claim to be conſidered a
original.

they conſiſt of *proper words in proper places.*

To divide this Collection into claſſes, and ſhew how ſome pieces are groſs, and ſome are trifling, would be to tell the reader what he knows already, and to find faults of which the author could not be ignorant, who certainly wrote often not to his judgement, but his humour.

It was ſaid, in a Preface to one of the Iriſh editions, that Swift had never been known to take a ſingle thought from any writer, ancient or modern. This is not literally true; but perhaps no writer can eaſily be found that has borrowed ſo little, or that in all his excellencies



G A Y.

JOHN GAY, deſcended from an old family that had been long in poſſeſſion of the manour of * Goldworthy in Devonſhire, was born in 1688, at or near Barnſtaple, where he was educated by Mr. Luck, who taught the ſchool of that town with good reputation, and, a little before he retired from it, publiſhed a volume of Latin and Engliſh verſes. Under ſuch a maſter he was likely to form a taſte for poetry. Being

* *Goldworthy* does not appear in the *Villare*.

counter, or with what deg
and dexterity he received
dated the ladies, as he pr
delight in telling it, is not
report is, that he was
either the reſtraint or ſerv
cupation, and eaſily perſu
to diſcharge him.

The dutcheſs of Monm
able for inflexible perſev
demand to be treated as

linly advanced little in the boaſt of in-
cpendence. Of his leiſure he made ſo
ood uſe, that he publiſhed next year
poem on *Rural Sports*, and inſcribed it
› Mr. Pope, who was then riſing faſt
ito reputation. Pope was pleaſed with
ie honour; and when he became ac-
uainted with Gay found ſuch attrac-
ons in his manners and converſation,
hat he ſeems to have received him into
is inmoſt confidence; and a friendſhip
as formed between them which laſted
› their ſeparation by death, without
ny known abatement on either part.
ay was the general favourite of the
hole aſſociation of wits; but they re-
arded him as a play-fellow rather than

a partner, and treated him with fondneſs than reſpect.

Next year he publiſhed *The Shep Week*, ſix Engliſh Paſtorals, in whi images are drawn from real life, ſ it appears among the ruſticks in of England remote from London. in ſome papers of the *Guardia* praiſed Ambroſe Philips as the Pa writer that yielded only to Theoc Virgil, and Spenſer. Pope, whc alſo publiſhed Paſtorals, not pleaſ be overlooked, drew up a comp of his own compoſitions with tho Philips, in which he covertly gave ſelf the preference, while he ſeem diſown it. Not content with thi is ſuppoſed to have incited Gay to

the *Shepherd's Week*, to ſhew, that if it be neceſſary to copy nature with minuteneſs, rural life muſt be exhibited ſuch as groſſneſs and ignorance have made it. So far the plan was reaſonable; but the Paſtorals are introduced by a *Proeme*, written with ſuch imitation as they could attain of obſolete language, and by conſequence in a ſtile that was never ſpoken nor written in any age or in any place.

But the effect of reality and truth became conſpicuous, even when the intention was to ſhew them groveling and degraded. Theſe Paſtorals became popular, and were read with delight as juſt repreſentations of rural manners and occupations by thoſe who had no intereſt

in the rivalry of the poets, nor knowledge of the critical diſpute.

In 1713 he brought a comedy called *The Wife of Bath* upon the ſtage, but it received no applauſe; he printed it, however; and ſeventeen years after, having altered it, and, as he thought, adapted it more to the publick taſte, he offered it again to the town; but though he was flushed with the ſucceſs of the *Beggar's Opera*, had the mortification to ſee it again rejected.

In the laſt year of queen Anne's life, Gay was made ſecretary to the earl of Clarendon, ambaſſador to the court of Hanover. This was a ſtation that naturally gave him hopes of kindneſs from every party; but the Queen's death put

an end to her favours, and he had dedicated his *Shepherd's Week* to Bolingbroke, which Swift conſidered as the crime that obſtructed all kindneſs from the houſe of Hanover.

He did not, however, omit to improve the right which his office had given him to the notice of the royal family. On the arrival of the princeſs of Wales he wrote a poem, and obtained ſo much favour that both the Prince and Princeſs went to ſee his *What d'ye call it*, a kind of mock-tragedy, in which the images were comick, and the action grave; ſo that, as Pope relates, Mr. Cromwel, who could not hear what was ſaid, was at a loſs how to reconcile the

laughter of the audience with the ſolemnity of the ſcene.

Of this performance the value certainly is but little; but it was one of the lucky trifles that give pleaſure by novelty, and was ſo much favoured by the audience that envy appeared againſt it in the form of criticiſm; and Griffen a player, in conjunction with Mr. Theobald, a man afterwards more remarkable, produced a pamphlet called the *Key to the What d'ye call it*; which, ſays Gay, *calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave.*

But Fortune has always been inconſtant. Not long afterwards (1717) he endeavoured to entertain the town with *Three Hours after Marriage*; a comedy written,

as there is ſufficient reaſon for believing, by the joint aſſiſtance of Pope and Arbuthnot. One purpoſe of it was to bring into contempt Dr. Woodward the Foſſiliſt, a man not really or juſtly contemptible. It had the fate which ſuch outrages deſerve: the ſcene in which Woodward was directly and apparently ridiculed, by the introduction of a mummy and a crocodile, diſguſted the audience, and the performance was driven off the ſtage with general condemnation.

Gay is repreſented as a man eaſily incited to hope, and deeply depreſſed when his hopes were diſappointed. This is not the character of a hero; but it may naturally ſupply ſomething more gene-

rally

rally welcome, a ſoft and civil co
nion. Whoever is apt to hope
from others is diligent to pleaſe t
but he that believes his powers
enough to force their own way,
monly tries only to pleaſe himſelf.

He had been ſimple enough to
gine that thoſe who laughed at the
d'ye call it would raiſe the fortune
author; and finding nothing done
into dejection. His friends endeav
to divert him. The earl of Burli
ſent him (1716) into Devonſhire
year after, Mr. Pulteney took h
Aix; and in the following year lord
court invited him to his ſeat, v
during his viſit, the two rural

were killed with lightning, as is particularly told in Pope's Letters.

Being now generally known, he publiſhed (1720) his Poems by ſubſcription with ſuch ſucceſs, that he raiſed a thouſand pounds; and called his friends to a conſultation, what uſe might be beſt made of it. Lewis, the ſteward of lord Oxford, adviſed him to intruſt it to the funds, and live upon the intereſt; Arbuthnot bad him intruſt it to Providence, and live upon the principal; Pope directed him, and was ſeconded by Swift, to purchaſe an annuity.

Gay in that diſaſtrous year * had a preſent from young Craggs of ſome South-ſea-ſtock, and once ſuppoſed himſelf to be maſter of twenty thouſand pounds.

* Spence.

His

His friends perſuaded him to ſell his ſhare; but he dreamed of dignity and ſplendour, and could not bear to obſtruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to ſell as much as would purchaſe an hundred a year for life, *which*, ſays Fenton, *will make you ſure of a clean ſhirt and a ſhoulder of mutton every day*. This counſel was rejected; the profit and principal were loſt, and Gay ſunk under the calamity ſo low that his life became in danger.

By the care of his friends, among whom Pope appears to have ſhewn particular tenderneſs, his health was reſtored; and, returning to his ſtudies, he wrote a tragedy called *The Captives*, which he was invited to read before the prin-

princeſs of Wales. When the hour came, he ſaw the princeſs and her ladies all in expectation, and advancing with reverence, too great for any other attention, ſtumbled at a ſtool, and falling forwards, threw down a weighty Japan ſcreen. The princeſs ſtarted, the ladies ſcreamed, and poor Gay after all the diſturbance was ſtill to read his play.

The fate of *The Captives* * I know not; but he now thought himſelf in favour, and undertook (1726) to write a volume of Fables for the improvement of the young duke of Cumberland. For this he is ſaid to have been promiſed a reward, which he had doubtleſs magnified with all the wild expectations of indigence and vanity.

* It was acted at Drury-Lane in 1723.

Next year the Prince and Princ
became King and Queen, and Gay
to be great and happy; but upon
ſettlement of the houſehold he fo
himſelf appointed gentleman uſher to
princeſs Louiſa. By this offer he thou
himſelf inſulted, and ſent a meſſage
the Queen, that he was too old for
place. There ſeem to have been m
machinations employed afterwards in
favour, and diligent court was paid
Mrs. Howard, afterwards counteſs
Suffolk, who was much beloved by
King and Queen, to engage her inte
for his promotion; but ſolicitatio
verſes, and flatteries were thrown awa
the lady heard them, and did nothing

All the pain which he ſuffered from the neglect, or, as he perhaps termed it, the ingratitude of the court, may be ſuppoſed to have been driven away by the unexampled ſucceſs of the *Beggar's Opera*. This play, written in ridicule of the muſical Italian Drama, was firſt offered to Cibber and his brethren at Drury-Lane, and rejected; it being then carried to Rich, had the effect, as was ludicrouſly ſaid, of *making* Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*.

Of this lucky piece, as the reader cannot but wiſh to know the original and progreſs, I have inſerted the relation which Spence has given in Pope's words.

"Dr.

" ſuch a thing for ſome t
" wards thought it wou
" write a comedy on
" This was what gave
" *gar's Opera.* He beg
" when firſt he mention
" the doctor did not muc
" ject. As he carried it
" what he wrote to both
" now-and-then gave a c
" word r of advi

" greve; who, after reading it over,
" ſaid, It would either take greatly, or
" be damned confoundedly.—We were
" all, at the firſt night of it, in great
" uncertainty of the event; till we were
" very much encouraged by overhear-
" ing the duke of Argyle, who ſat in
" the next box to us, ſay, " It will do—
" it muſt do! I ſee it in the eyes of
" them." This was a good while before
" the firſt Act was over, and ſo gave us
" eaſe ſoon; for that duke (beſides his
" own good taſte) has a particular
" knack, as any one now living, in diſ-
" covering the taſte of the publick. He
" was quite right in this, as uſual; the
" good nature of the audience appeared

" ſtronger and ſtronger every act, an
" ended in a clamour of applauſe."

Its reception is thus recorded in th notes to the *Dunciad:*

" This piece was received with great
" applauſe than was ever known. Befid
" being acted in London ſixty-three da
" without interruption, and renewed th
" next ſeaſon with equal applauſe,
" ſpread into all the great towns of En
" land; was played in many places
" the thirtieth and fortieth time;
" Bath and Briſtol fifty, &c. It ma
" its progreſs into Wales, Scotland, a
" Ireland, where it was performed twe
" ty-four days ſucceſſively. The ladi
" carried about with them the favouri
" ſongs of it in fans, and houſes we

"furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The fame "of it was not confined to the author "only. The perſon who acted Polly, "till then obſcure, became all at once "the favourite of the town; her pic-"tures were engraved, and ſold in great "numbers; her Life written, books of "letters and verſes to her publiſhed, "and pamphlets made even of her ſay-"ings and jeſts. Furthermore, it drove "out of England (for that ſeaſon) the "Italian Opera, which had carried all "before it for ten years."

Of this performance, when it was printed, the reception was different, according to the different opinion of its readers. Swift commended it for the excellence of its morality, as a piece

that *placed all kinds of vice in the ſtrongeſt and moſt odious light*; but others, and among them Dr. Herring, afterwards archbiſhop of Canterbury, cenſured it as giving encouragement not only to vice but to crimes, by making a highwayman the hero, and diſmiſſing him at laſt unpuniſhed. It has been even ſaid that after the exhibition of the *Beggar's Opera* the gangs of robbers were evidently multiplied.

Both theſe deciſions are ſurely exaggerated. The play, like many others, was plainly written only to divert, without any moral purpoſe, and is therefore not likely to do good; nor can it be conceived, without more ſpeculation than *life* requires or admits, to be productive

nuch evil. Highwaymen and houſe-akers ſeldom frequent the play houſe, or ıgle in any elegant diverſion; nor is it ible for any one to imagine that he r rob with ſafety, becauſe he ſees cheath reprieved upon the ſtage.

This objection however, or ſome other ıer political than moral, obtained ı prevalence, that when Gay pro-ed a ſecond part under the name of y, it was prohibited by the Lord mberlain; and he was forced to mpenſe his repulſe by a ſubſcrip-, which is ſaid to have been ſo libe-y beſtowed, that what he called op-ſion ended in profit. The * pub-tion was ſo much favoured, that

* Spence.

though the firſt part gained him four hundred pounds, near thrice as much was the profit of the ſecond.

He received yet another recompenſe for this ſuppoſed hardſhip, in the affectionate attention of the duke and dutcheſs of Queenſbury, into whoſe houſe he was taken, and with whom he paſſed the remaining part of his life. The * duke, conſidering his want of œconomy, undertook the management of his money, and gave it to him as he wanted it. But it is ſuppoſed that the diſcountenance of the Court ſunk deep into his heart, and gave him more diſcontent than the applauſes or tenderneſs of his friends could overpower. He ſoon fell into his old

* Spence.

diſtem-

diſtemper, an habitual colick, and languiſhed, though with many intervals of eaſe and cheerfulneſs, till a violent fit at laſt ſeized him, and hurried him to the grave, as Arbuthnot reported, with more precipitance than he had ever known. He died on the fourth of December 1732, and was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey. The letter which brought an account of his death to Swift was laid by for ſome days unopened, becauſe when he received it he was impreſt with the preconception of ſome misfortune.

After his death was publiſhed a ſecond volume of Fables more political than the former. His opera of *Achilles* was acted, and the profits were given to two widow ſiſters, who inherited what he left,

as his lawful heirs; for he diec
a will, though he had gatherec
thouſand pounds. There have
likewiſe under his name a come
the *Diſtreſt Wife*, and the *Re*
Gotham, a piece of humour.

The character given him b
is this, that *he was a natural n*
out deſign, who ſpoke what h
and juſt as he thought it; and tl
of a timid temper, and fearful
offence to the great; which cai
ever, ſays Pope, was of no av

As a poet, he cannot be
high. He was, as I once hear
critick remark, *of a lower c*
had not in any great degree
divinior, the dignity of geni

* Spence.

ever muſt be allowed to the author
a new ſpecies of compoſition, though
e not of the higheſt kind. We owe
Gay the Ballad Opera; a mode of
edy which at firſt was ſuppoſed
delight only by its novelty, but has
v by the experience of half a century
n found ſo well accommodated to the
poſition of a popular audience, that it
likely to keep long poſſeſſion of the
ge. Whether this new drama was the
oduct of judgement or of luck, the
uſe of it muſt be given to the inven-
; and there are many writers read
th more reverence, to whom ſuch me-
of originality cannot be attributed.
His firſt performance, the *Rural*
orts, is ſuch as was eaſily planned and
exe-

executed; it is never contemptible, nor ever excellent. The *Fan* is one of thoſe mythological fictions which antiquity delivers ready to the hand; but which, like other things that lie open to every one's uſe, are of little value. The attention naturally retires from a new tale of Venus, Diana, and Minerva.

His Fables ſeem to have been a favourite work; for having publiſhed one volume, he left another behind him. Of this kind of Fables, the authors do not appear to have formed any diſtinct or ſettled notion. Phædrus evidently confounds them with *Tales*, and Gay both with *Tales* and *Allegories*. A *Fable* or *Apologue*, ſuch as is now under conſideration, ſeems to be, in its genuine

ſtate

ate, a narrative in which beings irra-
onal, and ſometimes inanimate, *arbores*
quuntur, non tantum feræ, are, for the
urpoſe of moral inſtruction, feigned to
ſt and ſpeak with human intereſts and
affions. To this deſcription the com-
oſitions of Gay do not always conform.
'or a Fable he gives now and then a
Tale or an Allegory; and from ſome, by
/hatever name they may be called, it
vill be difficult to extract any moral
rinciple. They are, however, told with
ivelineſs; the verſification is ſmooth,
nd the diction, though now-and-then
little conſtrained by the meaſure or the
hyme, is generally happy.

To *Trivia* may be allowed all that it
laims: it is ſpritely, various, and plea-
ſant.

ſant. The ſubject is of that kind whi
Gay was by nature qualified to adorn
yet ſome of his decorations may l
juſtly wiſhed away. An honeſt blac
ſmith might have done for Patty wh
is performed by Vulcan. The appearan
of Cloacina is nauſeous and ſuperfluou
a ſhoeboy could have been produc
by the caſual cohabitation of mere mo
tals. Horace's rule is broken in bo
caſes; there is no *dignus vindice nodu*
no difficulty that required any ſupern
tural interpoſition. A patten may l
made by the hammer of a mortal, a
a baſtard may be dropped by a hum
ſtrumpet. On great occaſions, and
ſmall, the mind is repelled by uſeleſs
apparent falſehood.

Of his little Poems the publick judgeent ſeems to be right; they are neither uch eſteemed, nor totally deſpiſed. hoſe that pleaſe leaſt are the pieces which *Gulliver* gave occaſion; for who n much delight in the echo of an natural fiction?

Dione is a counterpart to *Amynta*, id *Paſtor Fido*, and other trifles of the me kind, eaſily imitated, and unwory of imitation. What the Italians ll comedies from a happy concluſion, ay calls a tragedy from a mournl event, but the ſtile of the Italians id of Gay is equally tragical. There is mething in the poëtical *Arcadia* ſo reote from known reality and ſpeculave poſſibility, that we can never ſupport

sheep and goats, and my
purling rivulets, thro
Such scenes please Ba
dawn of literature, and
dawn of life; but will
part thrown away, as
and nations grow learn

BROOME.

WILLIAM BROOME was born in Cheſhire, as is ſaid, of very mean parents. Of the place of his birth, or the firſt part of his life, I have not been able to gain any intelligence. He was educated upon the foundation at Eaton, and was captain of the ſchool a whole year, without any vacancy, by which he might have obtained a ſcholarſhip at King's College. Being by this delay, ſuch as is ſaid to have happened very rarely, ſuperannuated,

voluntary ſtudies, a compleat verſion of Lucan's poem, which he did not then know to have been tranſlated by Rowe.

This is an inſtance of early diligence which well deſerves to be recorded. The ſuppreſſion of ſuch a work, recommended by ſuch uncommon circumſtances, is to be regretted. It is indeed culpable, to load libraries with ſuperfluous books; but incitements to early excellence are never ſuperfluous, and from this example the danger is not great of many imitations.

When he had reſided at his College three years, he was preſented to the rectory of Pimpern in Dorſetſhire (1722), by his relation, Mr. Pitt of Stratfeildſea in Hampſhire; and, reſigning his fellowſhip,

con-

or half-a-crown. The book is divided into many ſections, for each of which if he received half-a-crown, his reward, as writers then were paid, was very liberal; but half-a-crown had a mean ſound.

He was employed in promoting the principles of his party, by epitomiſing Hacket's *Life of Archbiſhop Williams*. The original book is written with ſuch depravity of genius, ſuch mixture of the ſop and pedant, as has not often appeared. The Epitome is free enough from affectation, but has little ſpirit or vigour.

In 1712 he brought upon the ſtage *the Diſtreſt Mother*, almoſt a tranſlation of Racine's *Andromaque*. Such a work re-

requires no uncommon powers; but friends of Philips exerted every a promote his intereſt. Before the pearance of the play a whole *Spect* none indeed of the beſt, was de to its praiſe; while it yet continue be acted, another *Spectator* was wri to tell what impreſſion it made upo Roger; and on the firſt night a f audience, ſays Pope *, was called t ther to applaud it.

It was concluded with the moſt ceſsful Epilogue that was ever ſpoken on the Engliſh theatre. three firſt nights it was recited tw and not only continued to be dema through the run, as it is termed, o

* Spence.

play, but whenever it is recalled to the ſtage, where by peculiar fortune, though a copy from the French, it yet keeps its place, the Epilogue is ſtill expected, and is ſtill ſpoken.

The propriety of Epilogues in general, and conſequently of this, was queſtioned by a correſpondent of the *Spectator*, whoſe Letter was undoubtedly admitted for the ſake of the Anſwer, which ſoon followed, written with much zeal and acrimony. The attack and the defence equally contributed to ſtimulate curioſity and continue attention. It may be diſcovered in the defence, that Prior's Epilogue to *Phædra* had a little excited jealouſy; and ſomething of Prior's plan

given in the note *a lie*; but that he was not able to aſcertain the ſeveral ſhares. The intelligence which Dr. Warburton could not afford me, I obtained from Mr. Langton, to whom Mr. Spence had imparted it.

The price at which Pope purchaſed this aſſiſtance was three hundred pounds paid to Fenton, and five hundred to Broome, with as many copies as he wanted for his friends, which amounted to one hundred more. The payment made to Fenton I know but by hearſay; Broome's is very diſtinctly told by Pope, in the notes to the Dunciad.

It is evident, that, according to Pope's own eſtimate, Broome was unkindly treated. If four books could

merit three hundred pounds, eight and all the notes, equivalent at leaſt to four, had certainly a right to more than ſix.

Broome probably conſidered himſelf as injured, and there was for ſome time more than coldneſs between him and his employer. He always ſpoke of Pope as too much a lover of money, and Pope purſued him with avowed hoſtility; for he not only named him diſreſpectfully in the *Dunciad*, but quoted him more than once in the *Bathos*, as a proficient in the *Art of Sinking*; and in his enumeration of the different kinds of poets diſtinguiſhed for the profound, he reckons Broome among

perly remarked, that in the *Battle of Mice and Frogs* the Greek names have not in Engliſh their original effect.

He tells us, that the *Bookworm* is borrowed from *Beza*; but he ſhould have added, with modern applications: and when he diſcovers that *Gay Bacchus* is tranſlated from *Augurellus*, he ought to have remarked, that the latter part is purely Parnell's. Another poem, *When Spring comes on*, is, he ſays, taken from the French. I would add, that the deſcription of *Barrenneſs*, in his verſes to Pope, was borrowed from *Secundus*; but lately ſearching for the paſſage which I had formerly read, I could not find it. The *Night-piece on Death* is indirectly preferred

he held with *Oakley Magna* in *Suffolk*, given him by the lord Cornwallis, to whom he was chaplain, and who added the vicarage of *Eye* in *Suffolk*; he then reſigned *Pulham*, and retained the other two.

Towards the cloſe of his life he grew again poetical, and amuſed himſelf with tranſlating Odes of Anacreon, which he publiſhed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the name of *Cheſter*.

He died at Bath, November 16, 1745, and was buried in the Abbey Church.

Of Broome, though it cannot be ſaid that he was a great poet, it would be unjuſt to deny that he was an excellent verſifyer; his lines are ſmooth and ſonorous, and his diction is ſelect and elegant.

gant. His rhymes are ſometimes unſuitable; in his *Melancholy* he makes *breath* rhyme to *birth* in one place, and to *earth* in another. Thoſe faults occur but ſeldom; and he had ſuch power of words and numbers as fitted him for tranſlation; but, in his original works, recollection ſeems to have been his buſineſs more than invention. His imitations are ſo apparent, that it is part of his reader's employment to recal the verſes of ſome former poet. Sometimes he copies the moſt popular writers, for he ſeems ſcarcely to endeavour at concealment; and ſometimes he picks up fragments in obſcure corners. His lines to Fenton,

Serene,

rene, the ſting of pain thy thoughts
beguile,
id make afflictions objects of a ſmile;
ught to my mind ſome lines on the
h of queen Mary, written by Barnes,
vhom I ſhould not have expected to
an imitator;

t thou, O Muſe, whoſe ſweet nepen-
thean tongue
n charm the pangs of death with
deathleſs ſong;
nſt *ſtinging plagues* with eaſy *thoughts*
beguile,
ike pains and tortures *objects of a*
ſmile.

o detect his imitations were tedious
uſeleſs. What he takes he ſeldom
makes

makes worſe; and he cannot be juſtly thought a mean man whom Pope choſe for an aſſociate, and whoſe co-operation was conſidered by Pope's enemies as ſo important, that he was attacked by Henley with this ludicrous diſtich:

Pope came off clean with Homer; but they ſay
Broome went before, and kindly ſwept the way.

pipe of the Paſtoral Muſe is tranſmitted by lawful inheritance from Theocritus to Virgil, from Virgil to Spenſer, and from Spenſer to Philips.

With this inauguration of Philips, his rival Pope was not much delighted; he therefore drew a compariſon of Philips's performance with his own, in which, with an unexampled and unequalled artifice of irony, though he has himſelf always the advantage, he gives the preference to Philips. The deſign of aggrandiſing himſelf he diſguiſed with ſuch dexterity, that, though Addiſon diſcovered it, Steele was deceived, and was afraid of diſpleaſing Pope by publiſhing his paper. Publiſhed however it was (*Guard.* 40), and from that time Pope and

Philips

Philips lived in a perpetual reciprocation of malevolence.

In poetical powers, of either praiſe or ſatire, there was no proportion between the combatants; but Philips, though he could not prevail by wit, hoped to hurt Pope with another weapon, and charged him, as Pope thought, with Addiſon's approbation, as diſaffected to the government.

Even with this he was not ſatisfied; for, indeed, there is no appearance that any regard was paid to his clamours. He proceeded to groſſer inſults, and hung up a rod at Button's, with which he threatened to chaſtiſe Pope, who appears to have been extremely exaſperated; for in the firſt edition of his Let-

etters he calls Philips *raſcal*, and in e laſt ſtill charges him with detaining his hands the ſubſcriptions delivered him by the Hanover Club.

I ſuppoſe it was never ſuſpected that meant to appropriate the money; he ly delayed, and with ſufficient mean-ſs, the gratification of him by whoſe oſperity he was pained.

Men ſometimes ſuffer by injudicious ndneſs; Philips became ridiculous, thout his own fault, by the abſurd ad-iration of his friends, who decorated n with honorary garlands which the ſt breath of contradiction blaſted.

When upon the ſucceſſion of the ouſe of Hanover every Whig ex-ected to be happy, Philips ſeems to have

have obtained too little notice; he caught few drops of the golden ſhower, though he did not omit what flattery could perform. He was only made a Commiſſioner of the Lottery (1717), and, what did not much elevate his character, a Juſtice of the Peace.

The ſucceſs of his firſt play muſt naturally diſpoſe him to turn his hopes towards the ſtage: he did not however ſoon commit himſelf to the mercy of an audience, but contented himſelf with the fame already acquired, till after nine years he produced (1721) *The Briton*, a tragedy which, whatever was its reception, is now neglected; though one of the ſcenes, between *Vanoc* the Britiſh Prince and *Valens* the Roman General,

is confeſſed to be written with great dramatick ſkill, animated by ſpirit truly poetical.

He had not been idle, though he had been ſilent; for he exhibited another tragedy the ſame year, on the ſtory of *Humphry Duke of Glouceſter*. This tragedy is only remembered by its title.

His happieſt undertaking was of a paper called *The Freethinker*, in conjunction with aſſociates, of whom one was Dr. Boulter, who, then only miniſter of a pariſh in Southwark, was of ſo much conſequence to the government, that he was made firſt biſhop of Briſtol, and afterwards primate of Ireland, where his piety and his charity will be long honoured.

It may eaſily be imagined that was printed under the direction of ter would have nothing in it indec licentious; its title is to be unde as implying only freedom from ſonable prejudice. It has been reprin volumes, but is little read; nor c partial criticiſm recommend it as w of revival.

Boulter was not well qualified to diurnal eſſays; but he knew how to tiſe the liberality of greatneſs an fidelity of friendſhip. When he w vanced to the height of eccleſi dignity, he did not forget the c nion of his labours. Knowing H to be ſtenderly ſupported, he tool to Ireland, as partaker of his fo

and, making him his ſecretary, added ſuch preferments as enabled him to repreſent the county of Armagh in the Iriſh Parliament.

In December 1726 he was made ſecretary to the Lord Chancellor; and in Auguſt 1733 became judge of the Prerogative Court.

After the death of his patron he continued ſome years in Ireland; but at laſt longing, as it ſeems, for his native country, he returned (1748) to London, having doubtleſs ſurvived moſt of his friends and enemies, and among them his dreaded antagoniſt Pope. He found however the duke of Newcaſtle ſtill living, and to him he dedicated his poems collected into a volume.

Having purchaſed an annuity
hundred pounds, he now c
hoped to paſs ſome years of life
ty and tranquillity; but his h
ceived him: he was ſtruck with
and died June 18, 1749, in his
eighth year.

Of his perſonal character all
have heard is, that he was emin
bravery and ſkill in the ſword, and
converſation he was ſolemn and po
He had great ſenſibility of cen
judgement may be made by a ſing
which I heard long ago from M
a gentleman of great eminence
fordſhire. "Philips," ſaid he,
"once at table, when I aſked hin
"came thy king of Epirus t

"oxen, and to ſay *I'm goaded on by love?*
"After which queſtion he never ſpoke
"again."

Of the *Diſtreſt Mother* not much is pretended to be his own, and therefore it is no ſubject of criticiſm: his other two tragedies, I believe, are not below mediocrity, nor above it. Among the Poems compriſed in this collection, the *Letter from Denmark* may be juſtly praiſed; the Paſtorals, which by the writer of the *Guardian* were ranked as one of the four genuine productions of the ruſtick Muſe, cannot ſurely be deſpicable. That they exhibit a mode of life which does not exiſt, nor ever exiſted, is not to be objected; the ſuppoſition of ſuch a ſtate is allowed to Paſto-

ral. In his other poems he canno
denied the praiſe of lines ſometimes
gant; but he has ſeldom much f
or much comprehenſion. The p
that pleaſe beſt are thoſe which, i
Pope and Pope's adherents, proc
him the name of *Namby Pamby*,
poems of ſhort lines, by which he
his court to all ages and characters, i
Walpole the *ſteerer of the realm* to
Pulteney in the nurſery: the num
are ſmooth and ſpritely, and the di
is ſeldom faulty. They are not lo
with much thought, yet if they had
written by Addiſon they would have
admirers: little things are not va
but when they are done by thoſe
can do greater.

n his tranſlations from Pindar he
id the art of reaching all the ob-
ity of the Theban bard, however
nay fall below his ſublimity; he will
llowed, if he has leſs fire, to have
e ſmoke.

Ie has added nothing to Engliſh
:ry, yet at leaſt half his book de-
es to be read: perhaps he valued
t himſelf that part, which the cri-
would reject.

WATTS.

THE Poems of Dr. WATTS were by my recommendation inſerted in this Collection; the readers of which are to impute to me whatever pleaſure or wearineſs they may find in the peruſal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden.

ISAAC WATTS was born July 17, 1674, at Southampton, where his father, of the ſame name, kept a boarding-ſchool for young gentlemen, though common report makes him a ſhoemaker.

He appears, from the narrative of Gibbons, to have been neither indi nor illiterate.

Iſaac, the eldeſt of nine children, given to books from his infancy; began, we are told, to learn Latin w he was four years old, I ſuppoſe home. He was afterwards taught La Greek, and Hebrew, by Mr. Pinho a clergyman, maſter of the Free-ſcl at Southampton, to whom the gratit of his ſcholar afterwards inſcribe Latin ode.

His proficiency at ſchool was ſo ſpicuous, that a ſubſcription was poſed for his ſupport at the Univerſ but he declared his reſolution to his lot with the Diſſenters. Such

was as every Chriſtian Church would rejoice to have adopted.

He therefore repaired in 1690 to an academy taught by Mr. Rowe, where he had for his companions and fellow-ſtudents Mr. Hughes the poet, and Dr. Hort, afterwards archbiſhop of Tuam. Some Latin Eſſays, ſuppoſed to have been written as exerciſes at this academy, ſhew a degree of knowledge, both philoſophical and theological, ſuch as very few attain by a much longer courſe of ſtudy.

He was, as he hints in his Miſcellanies, a maker of verſes from fifteen to fifty; and in his youth he appears to have paid attention to Latin poetry. His verſes to his brother, in the *glyconick*

measure, written when he was fe
are remarkably easy and elegant
of his other odes are deformed
Pindarick folly then prevailing,
written with such neglect of all
rules as is without example an
ancients; but his diction, thou
haps not always exactly pure,
copiousness and splendour as sh
he was but at a very little distan
excellence.

His method of study was to
the contents of his books u
memory by abridging them, an
terleaving them to amplify on
with supplements from another.

With the congregation of h
Mr. Rowe, who were, I believ

pendents, he communicated in his nineteenth year.

At the age of twenty he left the academy, and ſpent two years in ſtudy and devotion at the houſe of his father, who treated him with great tenderneſs; and had the happineſs, indulged to few parents, of living to ſee his ſon eminent for literature and venerable for piety.

He was then entertained by Sir John Hartop five years, as domeſtick tutor to his ſon; and in that time particularly devoted himſelf to the ſtudy of the Holy Scriptures; and being choſen aſſiſtant to Dr. Chauncey, preached the firſt time on the birth-day that compleated his twenty-fourth year; probably conſidering that as the day of a ſecond nativity.

by which he entered on a new period of exiſtence.

In about three years he ſucceeded Dr. Chauncey; but, ſoon after his entrance on his charge, he was ſeized by a dangerous illneſs, which ſunk him to ſuch weakneſs, that the congregation thought an aſſiſtant neceſſary, and appointed Mr. Price. His health then returned gradually, and he performed his duty, till (1712) he was ſeized by a fever of ſuch violence and continuance, that, from the feebleneſs which it brought upon him, he never perfectly recovered.

This calamitous ſtate made the compaſſion of his friends neceſſary, and drew upon him the attention of Sir Thomas

mas Abney, who received him into his houſe; where, with a conſtancy of friendſhip and uniformity of conduct not often to be found, he was treated for thirty-ſix years with all the kindneſs that friendſhip could prompt, and all the attention that reſpect could dictate. Sir Thomas died about eight years afterwards; but he continued with the lady and her daughters to the end of his life. The lady died about a year after him.

A coalition like this, a ſtate in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits, deſerves a particular memorial; and I will not withhold from the reader Dr. Gibbons' re-

preſentation, to which regard is to be paid as to the narrative of one who writes what he knows, and what is known likewiſe to multitudes beſides.

" Our next obſervation ſhall be made " upon that remarkably kind Provi- " dence which brought the Doctor into " Sir Thomas Abney's family, and con- " tinued him there till his death, a pe- " riod of no leſs than thirty-ſix years. " In the midſt of his ſacred labours for " the glory of God, and good of his ge- " neration, he is ſeized with a moſt vio- " lent and threatening fever, which " leaves him oppreſſed with great weak- " neſs, and puts a ſtop at leaſt to his " publick ſervices for four years. In this " diſ-

" diſtreſſing ſeaſon, doubly ſo to his ac-
" tive and pious ſpirit, he is invited to
" Sir Thomas Abney's family, nor ever
" removes from it till he had finiſhed
" his days. Here he enjoyed the un-
" interrupted demonſtrations of the
" trueſt friendſhip. Here, without any
" care of his own, he had every thing
" which could contribute to the enjoy-
" ment of life, and favour the unwea-
" ried purſuit of his ſtudies. Here he
" dwelt in a family, which, for piety,
" order, harmony, and every virtue,
" was an houſe of God. Here he had
" the privilege of a country receſs, the
" fragrant bower, the ſpreading lawn,
" the flowery garden, and other advan-
" tages, to ſooth his mind and aid his

" reſto-

" reſtoration to health; to yield him,
" whenever he choſe them, moſt grate-
" ful intervals from his laborious ſtu-
" dies, and enable him to return to
" them with redoubled vigour and de-
" light. Had it not been for this moſt
" happy event, he might, as to out-
" ward view, have feebly, it may be
" painfully, dragged on through many
" more years of languor, and inability
" for publick ſervice, and even for pro-
" fitable ſtudy, or perhaps might have
" ſunk into his grave under the over-
" whelming load of infirmities in the
" midſt of his days; and thus the
" church and world would have been
" deprived of thoſe many excellent ſer-
" mons and works, which he drew up

" and

" and publiſhed during his long reſi-
" dence in this family. In a few years
" after his coming hither, Sir Thomas
" Abney dies; but his amiable conſort
" ſurvives, who ſhews the Doctor the
" ſame reſpect and friendſhip as before,
" and moſt happily for him and great
" numbers beſides; for, as her riches
" were great, her generoſity and muni-
" ficence were in full proportion; her
" thread of life was drawn out to a
" great age, even beyond that of the
" Doctor's; and thus this excellent
" man, through her kindneſs, and that
" of her daughter the preſent Mrs. Eli-
" zabeth Abney, who in a like degree
" eſteemed and honoured him, enjoyed
" all the benefits and felicities he expe-

"rienced at his firſt entrance into this "family, till his days were numbered and "finiſhed, and, like a ſhock of corn in "its ſeaſon, he aſcended into the re-"gions of perfect and immortal life "and joy."

If this quotation has appeared long, let it be conſidered that it compriſes an account of ſix-and-thirty years, and thoſe the years of Dr. Watts.

From the time of his reception into this family, his life was no otherwiſe diverſified than by ſucceſſive publications. The ſeries of his works I am not able to deduce; their number, and their variety, ſhew the intenſeneſs of his induſtry, and the extent of his capacity.

He

He was one of the firſt authors that taught the Diſſenters to court attention by the graces of language. Whatever they had among them before, whether of learning or acuteneſs, was commonly obſcured and blunted by coarſeneſs and inelegance of ſtile. He ſhewed them, that zeal and purity might be expreſſed and enforced by poliſhed diction.

He continued to the end of his life the teacher of a congregation, and no reader of his works can doubt his fidelity or diligence. In the pulpit, though his low ſtature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantages of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of his utterance made his diſcourſes very efficacious.

I once mentioned the reputation which Mr. Foſter had gained by his proper delivery to my friend Dr. Hawkeſworth who told me, that in the art of pronunciation he was far inferior to Dr. Watts.

Such was his flow of thoughts, and ſuch his promptitude of language, that in the latter part of his life he did not precompoſe his curſory ſermons; but having adjuſted the heads, and ſketched out ſome particulars, truſted for ſucceſs to his extemporary powers.

He did not endeavour to aſſiſt his eloquence by any geſticulations; for, as no corporeal actions have any correſpondence with theological truth, he did not ſee how they could enforce it.

At the concluſion of weighty ſentences he gave time, by a ſhort pauſe, for the proper impreſſion.

To ſtated and publick inſtruction he added familiar viſits and perſonal application, and was careful to improve the opportunities which converſation offered of diffuſing and increaſing the influence of religion.

By his natural temper he was quick of reſentment; but, by his eſtabliſhed and habitual practice, he was gentle, modeſt, and inoffenſive. His tenderneſs appeared in his attention to children, and to the poor. To the poor, while he lived in the family of his friend, he allowed the third part of his annual revenue; and for children, he condeſcended to lay

aſide

aſide the ſcholar, the philoſopher
the wit, to write little poems of
tion, and ſyſtems of inſtruction, ac
to their wants and capacities, fro
dawn of reaſon through its grad
of advance in the morning of life.
man, acquainted with the commor
ciples of human action, will lool
veneration on the writer who is
time combating Locke, and at a
making a catechiſm for children i
fourth year. A voluntary deſcen
the dignity of ſcience is perha
hardeſt leſſon that humility can te

As his mind was capacious, his
fity excurſive, and his induſtry
nual, his writings are very num
and his ſubjects various. Wi

theological works I am only enough acquainted to admire the meekneſs of his oppoſition, and the mildneſs of his cenſures. It was not only in his book but in his mind that *orthodoxy* was *united* with *charity*.

Of his philoſophical pieces, his Logick has been received into the univerſities, and therefore wants no private recommendation: if he owes part of it to Le Clerc, it muſt be conſidered that no man who undertakes merely to methodiſe or illuſtrate a ſyſtem, pretends to be its author.

In his metaphyſical diſquiſitions, it was obſerved by the late learned Mr. Dyer, that he confounded the idea of *ſpace* with that of *empty ſpace*, and did

not conſider that though ſpace might
without matter, yet matter, being e
tended, could not be without ſpace.

Few books have been peruſed by r
with greater pleaſure than his *Impro*
ment of the Mind, of which the radic
principles may indeed be found in Lock
Conduct of the Underſtanding, but th
are ſo expanded and ramified by Watt
as to confer upon him the merit of
work in the higheſt degree uſeful an
pleaſing. Whoever has the care of ir
ſtructing others, may be charged wit
deficience in his duty if this book is n
recommended.

I have mentioned his treatiſes
Theology as diſtinct from his other pr
ductions; but the truth is, that wha

ev

ever he took in hand was, by his inceſſant ſolicitude for ſouls, converted to Theology. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffuſed over his works: under his direction it may be truly ſaid, *Theologiæ Philoſophia ancillatur*, philoſophy is ſubſervient to evangelical inſtruction; it is difficult to read a page without learning, or at leaſt wiſhing, to be better. The attention is caught by indirect inſtruction, and he that ſat down only to reaſon is on a ſudden compelled to pray.

It was therefore with great propriety that, in 1728, he received from Edinburgh and Aberdeen an unſolicited diploma, by which he became a Doctor of Divinity. Academical honours would

have more value, if they were always beſtowed with equal judgement.

He continued many years to ſtudy and to preach, and to do good by his inſtruction and example; till at laſt the infirmities of age diſabled him from the more laborious part of his miniſterial functions, and, being no longer capable of publick duty, he offered to remit the ſalary appendant to it; but his congregation would not accept the reſignation.

By degrees his weakneſs increaſed, and at laſt confined him to his chamber and his bed; where he was worn gradually away without pain, till he expired Nov. 25, 1748, in the ſeventy-fifth year of his age.

Few men have left behind ſuch purity of character, or ſuch monuments of laborious piety. He has provided inſtruction for all ages, from thoſe who are liſping their firſt leſſons, to the enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke; he has left neither corporeal nor ſpiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the art of reaſoning, and the ſcience of the ſtars.

His character, therefore, muſt be formed from the multiplicity and diverſity of his attainments rather than from any ſingle performance; for it would not be ſafe to claim for him the higheſt rank in any ſingle denomination of literary dignity; yet perhaps there was nothing in which he would not have excelled

celled, if he had not divided his power to different purſuits.

As a poet, had he been only a poet he would probably have ſtood high among the authors with whom he is now aſſociated. For his judgement was exact, and he noted beauties and faults with very nice diſcernment; his imagination, as the *Dacian Battle* proves, was vigorous and active, and the ſtores of knowledge were large by which his imagination was to be ſupplied. His ear was well-tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious. But his devotional poetry is, like that of others, unſatisfactory. The paucity of its topicks enforces perpetual repetition, and the ſanctity of the matter rejects the orna-

ments of figurative diction. It is ſufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well.

His poems on other ſubjects ſeldom riſe higher than might be expected from the amuſements of a Man of Letters, and have different degrees of value as they are more or leſs laboured, or as the occaſion was more or leſs favourable to invention.

His writes too often without regular meaſures, and too often in blank verſe; the rhymes are not always ſufficiently correſpondent. He is particularly unhappy in coining names expreſſive of characters. His lines are commonly ſmooth and eaſy, and his thoughts always religiouſly pure; but who is there that, to ſo much piety

and

and innocence, does not wiſh
meaſure of ſpritelineſs and v
he is at leaſt one of the few
whom youth and ignoran
ſafely pleaſed; and happy w
reader whoſe mind is diſpo
verſes, or his proſe, to imi
all but his non-conformity,
benevolence to man, and hi
to God.

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